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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Bernard Suyran

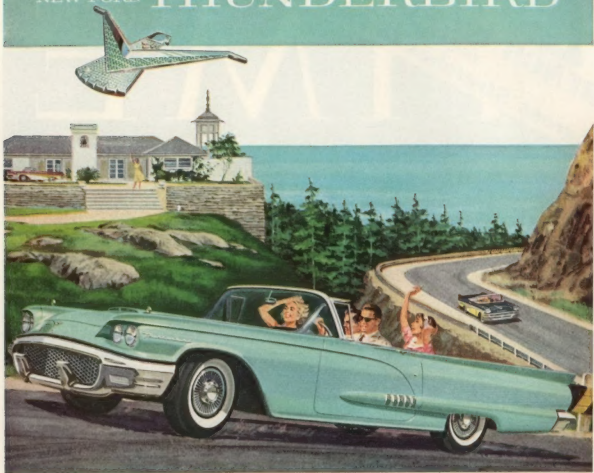
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VOL. LXXII NO. 7

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* Thereafter, continuing members can build their record library at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING**. For every two records purchased (from a group of at least fifty made available annually by the Society) members will receive a third RCA Victor Red Seal Record free.

* A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE**. The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function it is to recommend "must-have" works for members. Members of the panel are: **DEEMS TAYLOR**, composer and commentator, Chairman; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF**, General Music Director, NBC; **JACQUES BARZUN**, author and music critic; **JOHN M. CONLY**, editor of *High Fidelity*; **AARON COPLAND**, composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN**, music critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE**, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN**, composer and president of the Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH**, chief of the Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH**, Professor of Music, Harvard University.

* Each month, three or more 12-inch 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is always singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record will be sent to the member. If he does not want the work, he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay \$4.98 (the nationally advertised price), plus a small charge for postage and handling.

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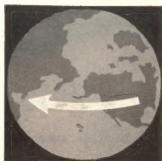
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LETTERS

Faubus & the 48

SIR:

NOW THAT ARKANSAS HAS TAKEN THE FIRST GIANT STEP TOWARD SECESSION, WE CAN USE ALL THOSE OLD-FASHIONED FLAGS WITH 48 STARS.

SAN DIEGO

CLAIR W. BRUGENER

Sir:

Well, anyway, you will have to admit that Governor Faubus knows his Southerners.

J. E. JOHNSON

Conroe, Texas

Crying Over Spilled Paint

Sir:

For all the explosive quality of "The New American Painting," I find abstract expressionism rather dull. Relying on sensational color and muscular painting techniques does not make a painting exciting. The most honestly painted section of a De Kooning canvas is his signature, and Kline is just plain boring after you've seen your first three.

DUANE S. MICHALS

New York City

Sir:

Gruesome thought: What would Michelangelo have done with the Sistine frescoes had A.E. been the mode under Sixtus IV?

SAMUEL A. WOOD

Baldwin, N.Y.

Sir:

Allow me to inform you that someone spilled some water colors on the pages of your Aug. 4 art section.

CARLOS J. INDEST III

New Orleans

Sir:

To paraphrase another artist: "Never have so many been duped so much by so few."

WILLIAM G. HUNDT

Cleveland

The Ugly Facts

Sir:

We are shocked over the murderous way that Iraq was taken over, but how could you bring yourself to print such pictures [Aug. 4] as those of the butchered victims? I really thought you were above such things.

SYLVIA W. ADLER

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

Never have I seen anything so gruesome. If this is a manifestation of that "inevitable

force"—Arab nationalism—then Arab nationalism poses as great a threat to the civilized world as Communism, since both appear to revel in savagery and slaughter.

RICHARD F. JONES

Toms River, N.J.

Sir:

What a display of poor taste were your pictures. Is TIME one of those publications that feels it has a mission to educate the U.S. public to the ugly facts of the rest of the world?

ROGER S. DARLING

Falls Church, Va.

Ugly and fine, yes.—Ed.

Middle East Delineate

SIR:

READ YOUR AUG. 4 PRESS STORY AND WOULD LIKE MAKE ONE CORRECTION: FIRST MEN IN BAGHDAD WERE TWO, STAN CARTER AND MYSELF. WHEN WE ARRIVED ON IRAQI MILITARY PLANE FROM DAMASCUS, OFFICERS AT BAGHDAD AIRPORT DIDN'T KNOW WHO WE WERE. THEY SEEMED TO THINK WE WERE EITHER AMERICAN OFFICERS OR MOON MEN. I WAS FIRST MAN TO INTERVIEW BRIGADIER EL-KASSIM.

ARNOLD LACAGNINA

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH INTERNATIONAL NEWS FILMS

ROME

Of Man & Oil

Sir:

I found Nasser more interested in the rights of minorities and less bitterly intransigent against Israel than most other Arab leaders whom I met. Most of Washington's Arab friends in Iraq and Saudi Arabia are (or were) extreme social reactionaries: kings, sheiks and corrupt and extortionate landlords. We Americans loved anyone who professed anti-Communism, especially if he had oil property. As for Nasser, he clearly wants to be a Tito, not a Kadar, vis-à-vis Moscow.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York City

Sir:

If we speed up the peaceful use of the atom bomb, the use of petroleum will become obsolete. Then the Americans will be choke in anger, but the Arabs will drown in oil. And nobody will care.

HANS FREUDENTHAL

São Paulo, Brazil

Sir:

Let those praising Arab nationalism or any other form that is actually another form of Communism find out what it will be like to

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TIME
August 18, 1958

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Number 7

TIME, AUGUST 18, 1958

A good school year often starts in the doctor's office



Your child will soon be off to

school—with thirty-nine and one-half million other children—the largest enrollment in our country's history. Naturally, you hope your child will stay well and do well throughout the school year. To help him do so, why not take him to your doctor now—before school opens—for a thorough health examination?

This is important for all children, but doubly so for the "beginner" who may be exposed for the first time to the communicable diseases. The child should be protected against whooping cough, polio, diphtheria, smallpox and tetanus.

If he has already had "shots" for these diseases, it may be time for "booster doses." These increase protection or hold it at such a level that the child is more able to resist the disease to which he is exposed.

A pre-school check-up may reveal unsuspected defects of the eyes or ears. A child who has impaired hearing or vision cannot do his best work at school. Besides getting low marks, he may become discouraged or at best have difficulty in making adjustments.

Your doctor can also advise you about improving your child's health habits to increase resistance to colds and other respiratory infections that keep so many children away from their classrooms.

What about older children—teen-agers especially? They, too, should have health examinations. The doctor's advice on physical development and emotional problems can ease many worries that beset adolescents.

When parents, doctors, and teachers work together, the school years can be made more healthful.

Metropolitan offers you two free booklets on the health of both younger and older school-age groups. Check the booklet or booklets you want.



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be governed by Moscow. They will soon realize what they have let themselves in for. Instead of worshipping Allah or Buddha, they will have to bow to Khrushchev.
L. MEREDITH

Calcutta, India

On the Shores of Lebanon

Sir:
The U.S. will reap heavily for its foolish intervention in Lebanon. You Americans are worse than the Communists in Hungary.
J. ALBAROUN

Accra, Ghana

Sir:
Eisenhower moved swiftly and courageously in coming to the defense of Lebanon. Too often in the past, America, the fortress of freedom, has talked big but done little.
R. K. EKSE

Minneapolis

Sir:
In the dusk of U.S. foreign policy, I offer this amendment to the Marine Hymn:

*From the coast of Okinawa
To the shores of Lebanon
We will fight all nations' battles
At the call of Washington.
First to keep all interests guarded,
Then to land and intervene
We are proud to claim all nations
Love a United States Marine.*

RICHARD O'CONNELL

Philadelphia

Sir:
The picture of your Marines going ashore at Lebanon was as good as anything ever done in Hollywood. The Marines do not impress us Canadians.

JAMES J. EALEY

Toronto

Sir:
Thank you for your articles on the Middle East. Like many other people, I was quite confused about why we are in Lebanon (a barber I talked to thought it was in South America).

ROBERT E. OLSON

Chetek, Wis.

Call Me Doctor

Sir:
Harold Seymour, Ph.D., suggests that all Ph.D.s should insist on being addressed as "Doctor" [July 28]. It would be well to recall Shaw's admonition that titles embarrass the truly gifted and elevate the mediocre. If Mr. Seymour should see fit to thrust his academic position into the public view, he would be better advised to use "Professor," which carries more prestige and saves identification with mere artisans.

STEPHEN ABRAMS

Durham, N.C.

Sir:
I suggest we all join in singing this (the tune is *Pretty Baby*) to Professor Seymour:

*Everybody loves a doctor,
That's why I'm in love with me
Call me Doctor, call me Doctor.*

*And whenever you address me,
Don't forget the Ph.D.
Call me Doctor, call me Doctor, etc.*

RALPH C. WALKER

Lewisburg, Pa.

Sir:
Congratulations to Dr. Harold Seymour for his idea of creating the degree O.C.C. (Outstanding Citizen of the Community) as a substitute for the honorary Ph.D. The

initials are wonderful, but don't they really stand for Outstanding Contributor to the College?

THOMAS V. ROBERTS

Syracuse

Hucksters & Pilgrims

Sir:

I read your article [on the way the town of Lourdes exploits the shrine's fame] with saddened interest. Why go so far from home when many stores in the U.S. are reducing sincere religious convictions to a conglomerate of candy-coated devotions?

(THE REV.) PAUL LINSEN, S.J.
Chifornak, Alaska

Sir:

Protestants everywhere must have enjoyed your reporting of Bishop Théas' pious crusade against the religious hucksters at Lourdes. Let the good bishop learn that Paul ruined the silversmiths at Ephesus with the only weapon that really works—a church that has no place for shrines or gimmicks.

JAMES I. COOK

Blawenburg, N.J.

Plans for Parents

Sir:

I have to smile every time I read someone's vehement argument against birth control [July 28]. My husband and I thank the Lord for each of our beautiful, healthy children and love them dearly, but we don't want ten more like them. Surely the Lord doesn't approve of cranky, physically worn-out parents who haven't the time to give each of their children the care he needs.

DAWN JARVIS

Seattle

Sir:

If the Planned Parenthood League preached only the most effective (also cheapest) contraceptive—self-denial—I am sure the Catholic Church would object hardly at all.

JANE FARRELL

Royal Oak, Mich.

Sir:

Let's have a law against the P.P.L. Let's all have the wealthy Roman Catholic Church subsidize our large families.

BLANCHE FREES

Lake Bluff, Ill.

The Whiskery Past

Sir:

So a Neanderthal man's body may have been a trifle too hairy for modern taste [July 28]? Now who told you or anybody else how hairy the Neanderthal was? The hair (whether a little or a lot, whether long or short or light or dark) seen in familiar pictures and on museum dummies of early man is merely artistic verisimilitude intentionally lent to otherwise bald restorations.

LESTER HARGRETT

Tallahassee, Fla.

From the Ivory Tower

Sir:

I am eleven years old, but I think I know what I'm talking about. I feel no sympathy for Reader Fitzgerald or her wailing about "pre-chewed" classics, especially her heart-felt statement about the opening sentence of *A Tale of Two Cities* being deleted. I have just finished reading both the comic-book form and the original version of this book, and the former inspired me to read the latter. Personally, I don't think the children's condensed classics are any worse than the adults' condensed everything.

RITA GOLOMB

Pittsburgh

THE CLOSER YOU SHAVE...

THE MORE YOU NEED

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Shaving Lather
It's Medicated

Extra-rich skin care lather lets you
shave closer without irritation!

Close shaves make your skin sore? Why let them? Get Noxzema's famous skin care formula in this medicated instant shaving lather. Extra-rich. Sets up whiskers so they don't snag. No sting, no skin irritation—thanks to famous Noxzema skin protection.

You get up to 50% more lather from Noxzema—so it saves you money. You know you're getting the exclusive Noxzema medication by the familiar Noxzema aroma. Get Noxzema today! Also available in Brushless and Lather.



ORDINARY LATHERS can't hold pencil up. Often let your whiskers droop, too. So razor snags, pulls—irritates skin.

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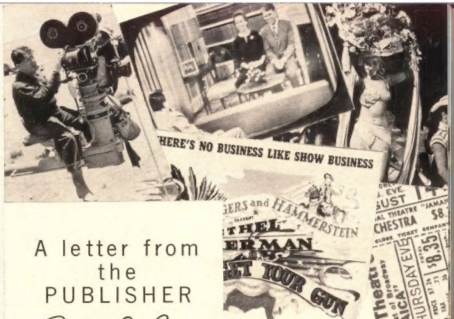
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

WHEN Buffalo Bill's Wild West

Show folded its tent, when P. T. Barnum's museum closed down, when the Ziegfeld Follies put their feathers and bangles away, when the "legitimate theater" was pushed off gay, white Broadway into the dusky side-streets of Manhattan, when the movies killed vaudeville and when the movies in turn were nearly killed by TV—each time, the gloomy mourned the past and doubted the future of show business. Yet each time, show business continued brighter, gayer, more interesting than before. Each phase of its irrepressible evolution re-appeared in the next: the theater had more than its share of Barnum, the movies committed more Follies than Florenz Ziegfeld, and TV is in effect bringing vaudeville back to life. Today, show business is bigger, richer, more fascinating than ever. To report the world of show business is the aim of a new section Time launches this week.

Show business is the common—and uncommonly interesting—denominator of the immortal and the merely diverting, the sublime and the corny, the Greek amphitheater and the burlesque runway. It includes Bernard

Shaw and the TV gag writer, Laurence Olivier and the Las Vegas chorus girl—as well as their audiences. TIME's new section will report "Show Biz" in all its phases. It will include news, trends and personalities of movies, theater, television, nightclubs, pop music. It will report on the more offbeat corners such as carnivals and beauty contests. And it will cover the vast supporting cast of pitchmen—the Madison Avenue mills that turn out commercials, as well as the Hollywood moguls who create new stars. While TIME's regular THEATER and CINEMA sections will continue to review new plays and movies, SHOW BUSINESS will report the news of big and little theaters, of slick Broadway productions and progressive university workshops, will range from the facts of financial life to a poet-playwright's latest experiment, from Tin Pan Alley's latest ditty to a nightclub comedian's newest routine. For the new section's first effort, see this week's cover story on TV Showman Jack Paar (Late-Night Affair) plus news on a dance group's comeback from disaster (Ballet from the Ashes) and trouble about the female figure (What the Public Wants?). In this and following weeks, the new section is dedicated to the proposition that (as has been said) "Everybody has two businesses—his own and show business."

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. LXXII No. 7

August 18, 1958

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The West's Good Week

In the high-stakes power and propaganda contest called the cold war, the U.S. piled up one of its biggest weekly scores so far. Capturing men's imaginations round the world, and replying persuasively to Russia's Sputniks, the U.S. Navy's atomic submarine *Nautilus* completed a historic transpolar voyage under the vast Arctic ice pack, fulfilling in a 20th century way the centuries-old dream of a northern passage from ocean to ocean (see Armed Forces). And in the arena of diplomacy, the U.S. scored high when Nikita Khrushchev, tangled in his own diplomatic web, rejected a U.N. summit meeting in an awkward turnabout that brought international jeers.

This week the U.S. prepared to go to the United Nations General Assembly to lay out its case for defending stability and order in the beleaguered Middle East. With a strong symbol of achievement in *Nautilus*, with diplomatic decks cleared of Khrushchev's summit trip wires, the U.S. could hope against hope that the free world could now set on with the business of achieving order, prosperity and independence in the Middle East.



Walter Bennett

"NAUTILUS" SKIPPER AT WHITE HOUSE. Alongside Jones, Farragut, Peary, Byrd.



Trust Map by R. M. Chaslin, Jr.

ARMED FORCES

"A Voyage of Importance"

The sleek steel hull of a nuclear submarine moved easily and rapidly through the quiet depths, its reactor-driven gear turning blades purring, its coffee pots perking, its jukebox playing, its 116-man crew caught up with an unusual sense of excitement. On the submarine's closed-circuit TV screens, the crewmen could see an upward-pointed camera-eye view of an ice pack, lit up by the Arctic's 24-hour-a-day sunlight, like a translucent cloud racing by. In his cabin, a slim U.S. Navy commander wrote out in longhand a couple of messages—one addressed to President Dwight D. Eisenhower, the White House, Washington, the other to his crew. His ship, he wrote in the crew's message, was about to achieve "goals long sought by those who sail the seas."

It was Aug. 3, 1958. Time: 11:15 p.m. E.D.T. That day in Peking the Kremlin's Khrushchev had wound up four days of secret conferences with Red China's Mao. In Washington U.S. officials were again on tenterhooks about a parley at the summit. In the quivering Middle East more U.S. ground troops were pouring ashore. But there beneath the peaceful, sunlit icecap, the 116 U.S. Navymen were making more pages for the history books than anybody else. They were setting a new sea tradition for their countrymen, to rate alongside Jones, Farragut, Peary, Byrd. The submarine was blunt-bowed *Nautilus*, world's first nuclear-powered ship. *Nautilus*' position: under the ice at the North Pole.

Trutta, Tang, Wahoo. The sea saga began at 2 a.m. July 23, when *Nautilus* pulled clear of its berth at Pearl Harbor, its destination announced as the Panama Canal. Only a handful of Americans knew

Nautilus' secret mission—an 8,146-mile voyage from Pearl Harbor to Portland, England, via the North Pole. Last August and September *Nautilus* had probed under the ice pack in a little-noticed voyage, got within 180 miles of the Pole and closer than any ship had gone before. Last December *Nautilus*' developer, Rear Admiral Hyman Rickover, predicted that *Nautilus* would go to the Pole "in the not too distant future," added, "I venture to say that it will go down as one of history's greatest feats of exploration."

In January and again in June, the young officer slated by the Navy to do the job flew to Washington to brief President Eisenhower on the possibilities; *Nautilus*' commanding officer, Commander William R. Anderson, 37, Tennessee-born Annapolis standout (class of '42), submariner veteran of *Tarpon*, *Narwhal*, *Trutta*, *Sarda*, *Tang* and *Wahoo* in World War II and the cold war, recent staffer in the Atomic Energy Commission. After Anderson's June briefing, the President gave the Navy its orders: Go ahead. And as he pulled out of Pearl Harbor last fortnight and set course almost due north toward the Aleutians and the Bering Straits, *Nautilus*' captain began to set about record-cracking in a way that justified the Navy's high hopes. First record; *Nautilus* covered the 2,900 miles submerged from Pearl Harbor to the Bering Straits at an average speed of just under 20 knots, then set a record in the fresh new speed books on long voyages under the sea.

Swim By Instrument. In the narrow Bering Straits between Alaska and Soviet Siberia, *Nautilus* kept well within U.S. waters, popped up its radar antenna only once for about 30 seconds to take a radar fix. Did the Russians detect them? Anderson thought not. Detouring along



U.S.S. "NAUTILUS"

U.S. Navy—Associated Press

Beneath the ice, mountains, valleys, mysterious canyons.

Alaska's northern coast to avoid clogged-up ice. *Nautilus* surfaced for the first time since Pearl Harbor to get a sure fix on a DEW-line radar station, then headed down again into the fantastic beneath-the-sea new world of mountains and deeps that is the nuclear submarine's true element. Its course: along the Barrow Sea Valley, a deep underwater canyon that leads and widens out from Alaska's Point Barrow into the 12,000-ft.-deep Arctic Sea basin.

Nautilus now headed directly toward the North Pole, the place that had drawn Nansen, Amundsen, Wilkins, Peary, now flown over by scheduled airlines but never yet reached by ship. Its speed was rapid, probably in excess of 20 knots. Its depth was below 400 ft. Its reactor was functioning perfectly. Its ship's inertial navigational system—an amazing complex of gyroscopes, accelerometers, depth finders, integrators, trackers, etc. (TIME, April 29, 1957) taken over in a rare salvage from the Air Force's defunct Navaho missile program—kept *Nautilus* on course and on depth, gave its captain instant readings of position. Ten sound-detection devices measured the distance to the ice above and the thickness of the ice while three other devices sounded the sea bed. Findings: polar ice is generally about 12 ft. thick, although some ridges bulged down 30 ft. or more. Crew comforts were also measuring up: the sub's crew was treated to more than 30 movies, e.g., Katharine Hepburn in *Desk Set*, and cribbage, chess and acey-deucey tournaments were under way as the *Nautilus* headed toward history.

Fresh Fruit Salad. At 11:15 p.m. on Aug. 3 *Nautilus* made it. And just as the North Pole was history, it was also routine as the measuring of never-known-before statistics went on without letup. The water temperature at the North Pole, *Nautilus* found, was 32°F. The sea depth there was 13,410 ft., exactly 1,627 ft. deeper than previously estimated. An electrician's mate first class was sworn in for re-enlistment—the first man, the Navy pointed out, who had ever re-enlisted at the North Pole. Eleven new crewmen got

their qualification on nuclear submarines. And as they headed on from the Pole, the 116 crewmen—the most men ever assembled at the North Pole at one time—sat down to a meal of steak, French fries, creamed peas and carrots, fresh fruit salad and a North Pole cake that signified their first celebration. Inscription on the cake: SUBMERGED POLAR TRANSIT 1958.

About 36 hours later *Nautilus* came out from under the ice pack, surfaced between Greenland and Spitsbergen right where it expected to be, broke radio silence for the first time since leaving Hawaii to send off a three-word encrypted signal to the Navy that said something like: "Here we are!" Thirteen miles off Iceland a helicopter arrived out of nowhere, lifted Anderson off for a preplanned hop to Iceland's Keflavik Airfield, where a Navy plane was waiting to fly him to Washington. The helicopter lowered the crew's first outside-world tribute direct from the President of the U.S. It read: "Congratulations on a magnificent achievement. Well done."

The Golden N. Commander Anderson flew back to a Washington that was soon agog with suspense. Reason: White House Press Secretary James Hagerty was planning a showcase presentation, warned newsmen to be on hand at the White House for a major story "with the President participating." *Nautilus*' Anderson went to the White House, briefed the President for 25 minutes. Then the President, Anderson and his wife Bonnie, and a small group of Navy and Atomic Energy Commission brasses formed up before 75 newsmen in the White House conference room. (Not invited and thus snubbed: A-Sub Pioneer Rickover, whose prickly personality is still anathema to some Navy brass.) There the President pinned the Legion of Merit on Commander Anderson, awarded the first Presidential Unit Citation ever given in peacetime to SSN 571—U.S.S. *Nautilus*.

After that the presidential party pulled out, left Anderson to tell the trip's story to the reporters (and that done, to pay a courtesy call on Admiral Rickover). Said he: "You know I am a little dazed by all this." But it was not only Anderson, but the newsmen, the Navy, the nation, the world that was more than a little dazed.

In one voyage of one U.S. nuclear submarine—one of six operational, 23 on the way—the Navy had 1) increased the power of the U.S. deterrent by laying bare the Communist empire's northern shores to the future Polaris-missile-toting nuclear submarines; 2) pioneered a potential (though difficult underwater commercial trade route that remakes the map of the world. And as Anderson flew on from Washington at week's end to reboard *Nautilus* and take her into harbor at Portland, England, he left behind with President Eisenhower the letter he had written in longhand at the big moment. "Dear Mr. President," it read, "I hope, sir, that you will accept this letter as a memento of a voyage of importance to the United States. Signed at the North Pole at 2315 EDST."



U.S. Navy—Associated Press

"NAUTILUS" CREW PREPARING TO SUBMERGE (SKIPPER ANDERSON AT RIGHT)

Below decks, cribbage, Hepburn and North Pole cake.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

K's Bad Week

In the stereotypes of punditry, Moscow's diplomacy is unbeatably foxy. Washington's well-meaning but bumbling. But last week it was Russia's Premier Khrushchev who was the bumbler and object of pundits' derision. And if Khrushchev's embarrassment was partly a result of U.S. luck, diplomatic skill and patience also had something to do with it. Steps to Khrushchev's stumble:

July 19. Transparently trying to wring a propaganda triumph out of the U.S. and British landings in Lebanon and Jordan, K. demands a summit meeting to save the world from "catastrophe."

July 22. President Eisenhower replies that the U.N. is the place to deal with the Middle East crisis, adds that the U.S. is willing to join in the "orderly procedure" of the U.N. Security Council.

July 23. K. agrees to come to New York "as soon as possible," but still rumbles about Western "aggression," tries to invite the guests and dictate the meeting's arrangements.

July 25. Eisenhower reminds K. that the arrangements are up to the Security Council, and that the meeting will deal with the whole range of Middle East problems.

July 28. K. fumes, but does not flatly say no.

Aug. 1. With K.—who has nothing to gain from a U.N. summit meeting on any terms but his own—now on the defensive, Eisenhower further embarrasses him by restating U.S. loyalty to the U.N. idea, opposition to big-power domination.

Last Week. After a Peking huddle with Mao Tse-tung, who apparently downthumbed a U.N. summit meeting with India and Nationalist China taking part (see FOREIGN NEWS), K. backs away from a Security Council conference on the lame excuse that the Council is "practically subordinated to U.S. foreign policy." He calls instead for a meeting of the full 81-nation General Assembly to deal with the Middle East.

With Secretary Dulles away on a flying visit to Brazil, Ike confers with Under Secretary Christian A. Herter, drafts a prompt reply, 1) regretting that K. turned his back on the Security Council, and 2) accepting a General Assembly session on the Middle East—especially since the U.S.'s U.N. Delegate Henry Cabot Lodge "previously proposed such a procedure" in mid-July, before K. started the latest flurry of summit letters.

Historical Contrast. Some pundits dimly viewed this week's special General Assembly session (with Khrushchev absent) as a mere propaganda brawl in which the U.S. stands to gain nothing. But President Eisenhower made it clear, at his first press conference since before the U.S. landing in Lebanon, that the U.S. will strive to get the "underlying causes" of Middle East disorder discussed in the Assembly, will urge economic programs to deal with those causes. "Troops are never going to win the peace," said he.

Even if the Assembly meeting proves to be nothing more than a propaganda forum, the U.S. stands to lose nothing, whether or not it stands to gain anything. In any face-to-face propaganda debate with the Soviet Union over who committed aggression against whom, the U.S. has the facts of history on its side. "The history of this century," said the President, shows "the basic purposes and principles of the U.S. as they are applied to the rest of the world. We have sought sovereignty over no other country. We have not tried to make any people or nation subservient to us in any way."

In contrast, he went on, Russia's 20th century record shows that Soviet accusa-

meeting lasted 2½ hours and ended amicably; but Stevenson left looking grim. He was depressed to find inside the Kremlin exactly what he had found outside it during his four-week tour of the Soviet Union: "Misunderstanding and ignorance about the U.S. and the ideas it stands for." Stevenson's proposed remedy: "A much wider and freer exchange of ideas and information, as well as of tourists, artists and athletes."

Along with misunderstanding of his country, Stevenson met with warm hospitality toward himself. Accompanied by his sons John, 22, and Borden, 26, Law Partner William M. Blair, and Russian Specialist Robert Tucker, he found



KHRUSHCHEV & STEVENSON IN THE KREMLIN
For all the smiles, the same old misunderstanding.

tions of aggression "should be directed directly to themselves, and not to us." And in the U.N., though prejudices and old resentments sometimes sway delegates' minds, the facts of history are never quite forgotten.

AMERICANS ABROAD Behind the Curtain

Through the Kremlin's massive Spassky Gate one day last week hurried Democrat Adlai Stevenson, headed for the office of Russia's Premier Nikita Khrushchev. After a brief chitchat warmup, Khrushchev surged into familiar accusations of U.S. "imperialism," possibly thinking that a twice-defeated presidential candidate of the U.S. out-party might agree with him. Far from it. Through interpreters, Stevenson briskly defended Administration foreign policies, riled Khrushchev by bringing up the brutal Soviet intervention in Hungary in 1956. Khrushchev urged Stevenson to talk to Hungarian government officials and hear the true story for himself. Stevenson retorted: "The Hungarian government I refer to no longer exists."

Despite the flare-up over Hungary, the

official smiles and small but friendly crowds in big cities, rural hamlets, Siberian industrial towns rarely seen by Westerners. Among the trip's happiest chapters: a lavish official picnic in a forest near Sverdlovsk, within sight of a boundary marker inscribed "Europe" on one side and "Asia" on the other; a leisurely trip up the Volga in a side-wheel steamer left over from Czarist days. "Everywhere I went," said Stevenson politely at a farewell reception in Moscow, "I saw signs and heard speeches urging people to catch up with American production of butter, milk and meat, but in one area you don't have to catch up with America, and that is hospitality."

But for all the smiles, Lawyer Stevenson made no measurable progress in the mission that took him behind the Iron Curtain: trying to persuade Soviet officials to pay author's royalties to Stevenson clients (including Pearl Buck, John Hersey, Arthur Miller, Upton Sinclair) whose works are published in the Soviet Union. Said Stevenson wily before heading for Warsaw and points west: "The Minister of Culture is studying the matter further."

THE LAW

Solicitor of Justice

Between skirmishes with international disorder, Dwight Eisenhower this week sent Presidential Assistant Arthur Larson a "Dear Arthur" note that commits U.S. intellectual and organizational talents to a formidable task: developing the orderly processes of law as the main supports for peace and justice throughout the world.

In accepting Larson's resignation from the White House staff to found a Rule of Law Center at North Carolina's Duke University, the President took the occasion to spell out his longstanding faith that worldwide recognition of the rule of law offers man's best hope for a sustained and just peace. Concrete symbol of his interest, he named Larson special presidential consultant charged with the responsibility for reporting on what way



Walter Bennett

PRESIDENTIAL CONSULTANT LARSON

In a time of disorder, a move for order.

the Federal Government could best help in bringing the faith to fruition.

Stout Credentials. "I am delighted with the prospect that a real contribution to the rule of law among nations can be forthcoming from [the new Duke] center," the President wrote. "To depose the rule of force, and to enshrine the rule of law in the disposition of international differences is imperative. . . . I am glad that you will be serving as a special consultant to me even as you press the effort to bring nearer the day when the rule of law is as normal among nations as it now is among individuals. There are doubtless many ways in which governmental activities can be effectively joined with private undertakings in this vital field, and I want to assure that every such opportunity is utilized."

One measure of Ike's seriousness is that able Arthur Larson, who articulated the philosophy of Modern Republicanism (*A Republican Looks at His Party*), has long

ranked high in presidential esteem. As director of the U.S. Information Agency, Scholar Larson was cut up by the long knives of politics on Capitol Hill (TIME, Oct. 28). But his credentials in the law area are hard to beat. A Rhodes scholar who took honors in jurisprudence at Oxford (B.S., M.A.), he rose from a Milwaukee practice to dean of the University of Pittsburgh Law School, was appointed Under Secretary of Labor because of his definitive books on fast-changing workmen's compensation laws and on the social security system, Ike read *A Republican Looks at His Party* while convalescing from his ileitis operation, sent for Larson and had long talks with him while trying to put Eisenhower Republicanism into scholarly terms.

Common Concept. Larson's plan of action in his new job has both an immediate and long-range focus. For example, he believes that something should be done soon to show how the World Court can be employed to settle claims in international trade and investment, thus providing a sure remedy for either nations or investors who think they have been wronged—to the ultimate benefit of world trade and investment. On another tack he wants to study the comparative law of all nations to see where the common denominator might lie for progress toward a world rule of law.

"The law is a common concept of civilized peoples, a largely untapped reservoir of possible common understanding," said he. "Our big problem is getting it down out of the stratosphere to the level of something reasonably practical."

THE PRESIDENCY

I-Told-You-So

Thrown in with the Middle East questions at the press conference was one that brought the President closer than in years to the edge of an I-told-you-so—and justifiably. The question: Now that the recession is receding, steel prices going up and federal budget deficits looming, did the President have any plans for dealing with the problem of inflation? Said he: "Well, strangely enough, you gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen, were hearing me talk about this problem of inflation a few months back, when everybody wanted to spend more money and to decrease taxes. . . ." Dwight Eisenhower, economic conservative, added a warning.

"I think," he said, "that first of all, if we are going to remain a country without artificial controls, meaning that we are not going to try to go into a federally controlled economy then labor and business must be careful about this whole problem of pushing wages each year above those rates that imply or show the increases in productivity. And business must make its profits of such a scale that where they can still continue to invest money they are not robbing the public. Because if they do, just as sure as you are a foot high, one day the American consumer is going to rebel. He is going to rebel in a big way, and there will be real trouble."

On Capitol Hill & In the White House, Grade A Leadership

THE second session of the Democratic 86th Congress ran in a remarkable time. Its life was shaped by Russian Sputniks and rocket diplomacy, Middle East turmoil, U.S. economic recession, election-year politics—by its own generally responsible leadership, and, above all, by the firmest treatment Capitol Hill ever got from Dwight Eisenhower. Last May, after a slow start, the President came out swinging for his program and especially for three legislative "imperatives": 1) defense reorganization, 2) mutual security, and 3) reciprocal trade. These are the grades Congress might give itself on demands of the President and passing the tests of Year One, Space Age.

FOREIGN RELATIONS: B-PLUS

Against Russian rocket-rattling and economic recession, mutual security and reciprocal trade measures were more vital than ever. Yet recession gave congressional reactionaries an excuse for a savage fight to "protect" U.S. industry and to kill "giveaways," meaning foreign aid. In general, Congress wrote a responsible foreign relations record against heavy pressures from the irresponsible.

Reciprocal Trade. President Eisenhower asked for five-year reciprocal trade extension, with tariff-cutting authority of up to 75%. During bitter House fight, the Administration applied heat (moaned veteran Tariff Lobbyist Oscar Strackheim: "I have never seen such pressure since the days of Franklin Roosevelt"), got vital help from able Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of House Ways & Means Committee. House result: 317 to 98 for the President's program, an astonishing victory. But reciprocal trade ran into trouble with the protectionist-dominated Senate Finance Committee. Senate result: a relatively weak bill, with three-year extension and 15% tariff-cut authority. Near-certain final outcome: a good bill, with House-Senate compromise of four-year extension, longer than ever before, and 20% tariff-cut authority, more than ever before.

Mutual Security. President Eisenhower named \$3,950,000,000 as "the smallest amount we may wisely invest in mutual security." Skillful missionary work by State Department's Deputy Under Secretary Douglas Dillon helped persuade Congress to authorize a \$3,675,000,000 program, only \$275 million below the Administration request. But actual appropriations, handled apart from program authorization, got ambushed in the House, where Louisiana Democrat Otto Passman, chairman of key Appropriations Subcommittee, engineered a slash of \$397 million

REPORT CARD FOR CONGRESS

below authorization figure (\$872 million below Administration request). President Eisenhower desk-hammered at G.O.P. congressional leaders ("This thing is vital to our country's interest") too late to sway House but in time to buck up Senate Appropriations Committee, which restored \$440 million. With the Senate likely to follow the committee recommendation, the most probable outcome: a split-the-difference House-Senate compromise, with a final mutual security total of about \$3.3 billion—more than the Administration at one time could have expected but still \$650 million, or 16%, less than "the smallest amount we may wisely invest."

Atomic Information. Russian technological rush made mandatory a pool of Western nuclear know-how. Congress softened old (1946) McMahon Act, granted Administration permission, subject to congressional veto, to 1) pass along facts of size and destructiveness of any nuclear weapon to NATO allies, 2) transmit nuclear-weapons designs and non-nuclear components of atomic weapons to NATO nations for arming by U.S. in case of war to any ally that has made "substantial progress" in its own atomic weapons program—meaning Britain.

NATIONAL DEFENSE: A

Russian Sputniks forced a U.S. decision to bring meaningful unification to the military, unplug command channels and bring a significant degree of order to the defense chaos that had each service building one or more of its own weapons systems, hindered the U.S. in the missile race. In the field of national defense, Congress compiled a first-rate record.

Pentagon Reorganization. This was an Eisenhower must. Georgia Democrat Carl Vinson, chairman of powerful House Armed Services Committee and longtime advocate of Navy's strength-through-separation theory, huffed and puffed against Administration program, buckled under no-quarter Administration determination. In Senate, need for reorganization had been made obvious during constructive subcommittee hearings chaired by Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. Result: a signal Administration victory in a bill which 1) put the Defense Secretary in direct command of the armed forces, dropping the separate secretaries of Air Force, Navy and Army from the operational (but not administrative) chain of command; 2) gave the Defense Secretary explicit authority to assign weapons to services as he sees fit; 3) gave the Joint Chiefs of Staff direct operational authority, enlarged the J.C.S. general staff from 210 to 400 officers, authorized three service chiefs, who double as J.C.S. members, to delegate their services duties (but not their responsibilities) to their vice chiefs; and 4) put a new director of Research and Engineering, responsible to the Defense Secretary, in direct control of all R. & D.

Outer Space. To oversee the U.S. reach toward outer space (and to overcome the interservice rivalries that had confused the U.S. missile and space programs), Congress created a Pentagon Advanced Research Projects Agency and a civilian counterpart for nonmilitary exploration, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, to be set up much like the Atomic Energy Commission.

Armed Forces Pay. As incentive for career military service, Congress passed a \$576 million military-pay-raise bill, which rewarded initiative and special skills in the enlisted grades, substantially raised the pay of top-ranking officers.

THE ECONOMY: B-MINUS

Recession in an election year brought an almost irresistible political demand for tax cuts and pump priming. President Eisenhower, strongly and effectively backed by Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson,

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.



WHAT GOT INTO THIS DONKEY?

held fast, insisted that the recession was leveling off and the upswing would soon begin. Congress did do some wasteful pump priming—but its record is more significant for what it considered but did not carry out.

Tax Policy. Treasury's Texan Anderson reached agreement with congressional Texans Johnson and Sam Rayburn to keep tax cuts out of politics, won a wait-and-see period. Result: notable absence of grass-roots demand for tax cuts helped Congress avoid political temptation, keep income, corporation and most excise taxes at present levels.

Pork Barrel. At height of recession flap, Congress rushed through a monstrous pork-barrel (rivers & harbors) bill authorizing \$1.7 billion for construction projects, some without engineering studies. An Eisenhower veto brought back a more reasonable bill, which the President, somewhat reluctantly, okayed.

Unemployment Compensation. President Eisenhower wanted to extend unemployment compensation benefits—within reason. But House Democrats tried to ram through an all-things-to-all-men bill costing \$1.5 billion. The President denounced it as "dole," and a House majority rallied behind him. Result: a \$665 million bill extending unemployment benefits up to 15 weeks beyond previous limits.

Other Pump Primers. With emotions ranging from cold to lukewarm, President Eisenhower signed these pump primers: a \$1.8 billion emergency housing bill, a \$5.5 billion highway construction bill and a \$524 million federal civilian pay raise. In the congressional works last week was a \$700 million increase in social security benefits—and it is threatened by veto.

STATEHOOD: B

After years of stalling, Congress finally voted Alaska to statehood—but it left its job half done by refusing to recognize the equally valid credentials of Hawaii.

FARM POLICY: C

When President Eisenhower and Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson asked for authorization to peg farm subsidies as low as 60% of parity, the Democratic Congress rammed through a 75% parity freeze—which like brusquely vetoed. Then 1958's farm prosperity (TIME, May 12) began splitting the congressional farm bloc: the House refused even to consider a wild, catchall Democratic farm bill, and the Senate passed a strong bill which would 1) significantly lower price supports, and 2) loosen acreage controls for corn, cotton, rice and grains. Benson pronounced himself satisfied with the Senate bill—and fought to keep the House from diluting it. Speaker Sam Rayburn got mad at Benson's persistence, refused to force the farm bill to the floor. Unless Rayburn changes his mind, the 85th Congress rates a barely passing grade—on the theory that if it did no good, it did no harm either.

LABOR LEGISLATION: F

The investigating committee headed by Arkansas' Democratic Senator John McClellan had demonstrated with frightening clarity the need for remedial labor legislation. Urged on by Labor Secretary James Mitchell, Massachusetts' Democratic Senator John Kennedy and New York's Republican Senator Irving Ives co-sponsored a fairly satisfactory bill that would require 1) periodic secret-ballot union elections, and 2) regular union reporting to the U.S. Labor Department on financial and other dealings, under threat of subpoena. But Sam Rayburn kept the Senate-passed bill stalled for weeks before finally promising to work for it. If Rayburn gets the measure passed, the Kennedy-Ives bill rates no more than a B. And if it dies, the 85th Congress will have flunked cold.

Dwight Eisenhower's own grade rating of the 85th, second session: "A pretty good record of accomplishment."

LABOR

Torch Without Song

In St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital at Pontiac, Mich., a receptionist glanced up one night last week to see "a zombie" stagger hunched and stiff-legged through the main door. The man wore shoes, socks, and a checked cotton bathrobe; his body was charred, his eyes swollen, his mouth puffy. "Can you get me to the emergency room?" he groaned. As doctors gave him blood and plasma but no hope, the man insisted he was "John Due from Washington," would say no more.

Fingerprints quickly fingered "Doc" as Frank Henry Kierdorf, 56, bull-voiced business agent of Flint's Teamster Local 332 and one of Teamster President Jimmy Hoffa's 40-odd crooked business agents (i.e., personal representatives). Eventually, Kierdorf gave his own explanation of his burns. He was home alone in Flint, he said, when two workmen appeared, invit-

ed him to a secret organizing meeting. At their plea for haste, he tossed bathrobe over T shirt and trousers, climbed into their old Packard. Outside Pontiac, 40 miles away, his hosts stuck a gun at his neck, doused him with fluid and lit a match. Then they dumped him at the hospital.

Pillows & Solve. Such brutality was plausible. Kierdorf had an arm-long arrest record, once served 27 months for armed robbery. On parole he had been made, at Jimmy Hoffa's insistence, a Teamster official like his ex-convict uncle, Herman Kierdorf (impersonating a federal officer, armed robbery), before him. As business agent of the 5,000-member Local 332, Kierdorf used brutal methods and produced satisfactory results. Once he tried to run over a stubborn employer. Said another: "You don't give him arguments." By brutal methods (see box) and by picketing until employers anted up money, Kierdorf was successfully negotiating one way or another with every type of

company, from sausage makers to rug layers. He might have enemies angry enough to roast him alive.

But another explanation soon turned up. Studying Kierdorf's dreadful burns, pathologists concluded that the victim wore no bathrobe when he was hurt. Moreover, he had been dabbed with saline before he arrived at the hospital. A neighbor remembered a Cadillac at Kierdorf's house the night he was burned; another saw a similar car and Kierdorf's green station wagon return two hours later, watched Kierdorf and a companion make four trips to the car with pillows and packages. Police found charred flesh in the station wagon and house.

"There'll Be Another." More flesh and a fire bomb's fragments were spotted at a suburban Flint dry-cleaning shop mysteriously burned out the same evening; a passerby said he saw flames in the shop, noticed two men running, heard screams inside. Police decided that Kierdorf was accidentally burned during an arson job, taken home for first aid, finally dumped at the hospital. All this they put to Patient Kierdorf, who had already been told that he had no chance for life. From Kierdorf came a huskily whispered obscenity—no more. A few hours later he died.

By week's end police suspected that missing uncle Herman Kierdorf, 68, was another of the Teamster arson squad, and fellow Local 332 Business Agent Jack Thompson was the third. Uncle Herman, before disappearing, had left with a neighbor, among other mementos, a silencer-equipped Luger, a device useful for only one function: assassination. The Kierdorf burning had suddenly become the grimmest indictment so far of Jimmy Hoffa and his Teamsters. To Flint businessmen, this proved small comfort. Predicted one grimly: "Don't worry. There'll be a new business agent to replace Kierdorf."

Fear Under Floodlights

The witness in the packed, TV-floodlighted Senate Caucus Room trembled with fright as he told his story to stern-faced Senator John McClellan and the labor-management rackets investigating committee. What brash ex-Lumberman George Francis Heid, 35, was afraid of was not the power of the U.S. Government, as represented by the McClellan committee. It was the power of the Teamster Brotherhood, the U.S.'s biggest labor union (membership 1,500,000). Heid knew that testifying against Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa and his henchmen might bring ugly reprisals by Hoffa's ex-convict bullies. But with a pledge of protection by the committee, Heid huskily admitted that, under Teamster threats, he had perjured himself in 1956 by testifying in defense of a Minneapolis Teamster boss who was charged with blowing up the car of a rebellious fellow Teamster (and duly convicted).

"A Living Hell." Heid was only one of several committee witnesses whose evident terror proved the Teamsters' power to punish and intimidate. Another Minneapolis ex-Teamster, Arthur Morgan,

"IT SHAKES YOUR CONFIDENCE"

What kind of man was Frank Kierdorf, Jimmy Hoffa's friend and business agent for Teamster Local 332 in Flint, Mich.? For a reading, a TIME correspondent tracked down a Flint businessman ("For God's sake, don't mention my name") who had had labor dealings with Kierdorf. The answer raises other questions. What kind of city is Flint? And what kind of nation is the U.S. when it lets Hoffa-type racketeering stand astride U.S. businessmen and workers? The report:

THE first time I met Kierdorf was in 1956. He laid down a union recognition form and asked me to sign. He came right in here and laid it on my desk. We never had had a union before, and we never had been approached. If our employees wanted a union, we had no objections. We asked for a vote.

Kierdorf said there would be no vote. Just like that. Within a week we had a Teamster picket line. All truck deliveries stopped. We had 20 or 30 meetings with the union. Kierdorf was our man. We didn't deal with anyone else.

We took it to the state mediator—we weren't big enough for the National Labor Relations Board—and Kierdorf said no. Just like that. He wouldn't agree.

So he's still picketing. We're using the railroad. We send our men over to the railroad station to pick up pipe. Our men continue to do this, and we continue to be in business. But then the boys start getting run off the road and threatened. They threw two stink bombs in my house. The house still stinks.

They attacked one of our drivers at the station. Our drivers were supposed to go in pairs. That's what I told them to do for protection. They waited until one of our men was in the warehouse. The other was getting in his truck to

move the truck over to the dock. Kierdorf's Cadillac pulled up behind the driver just getting in the truck, and four fellows jumped out, beat him over the head with a pipe, beat him to the ground. Twenty-two stitches. The railroad men were up above, and as the Cadillac turned around to leave, they got the license number, and it was Kierdorf's.

That blow licked us. I gave up and we were unionized. First he signed the drivers and the outside men. Then Kierdorf let me rest for three weeks. Then he came back and said, "We want your secretaries." So, finally, we went to George Kamenow [the Detroit bagman for Labor Relations Associates Boss Nate Shefferman, great and good friend to the then Teamster President Dave Beck] and paid off \$2,000 and agreed to pay a monthly retainer of \$75. That was that; no secretaries were organized. But two weeks after the McClellan committee began sniffing around, Kierdorf came around and organized our secretaries.

The police are afraid. They know Kierdorf's men are bigger than they are. Oh yes, they are too. I'd ask them for help—I've known most of the people around here most of my life—and they'd say, "We can't enter a labor dispute." It shakes your confidence in democracy.



NEW YORK'S IVES (POINTING) ARKANSAS' MCCLELLAN, COUNSEL KENNEDY
Tears, threats, terror.



1957 Associated Press
WITNESS HOFFA

13, wept as he told that threats and harassment made his life "a living hell" since he testified against Teamster brass before the McClellan committee a year ago. "Every night practically," testified Morgan, "the telephone would ring all night long and my wife would get calls that asked if the children were home from school, and she would say that they are, and they would tell her. Maybe you are lucky tonight, and maybe you won't be so lucky tomorrow night."

Fear of hard-boiled Hoffa was evident in the behavior of witnesses called to testify about a \$17,500 payoff that Detroit laundry operators handed over in 1949 to avert a threatened strike of Teamster truck drivers. Committee investigators had scraped up some persuasive evidence that at least \$10,000 of the payoff had found its way to Jimmy Hoffa. Under questioning Hoffa conceded that he got \$10,000 in "loans" from the baemen who collected from the laundrymen, but beyond that, his memory failed him. He could not recall any details about repaying the loans, nor could he produce any records to prove that he did repay them.

Finding Hoffa uncooperative, the committee called up two Detroit laundrymen who had signed affidavits indicating that they thought at least part of the payoff went to Hoffa. But something had happened to make the witnesses wary. Obviously frightened, they shied away from their notarized affidavits, professed sudden doubts whether Hoffa really got any of the money after all.

A Thawed Cuff. Despite Hoffa's studied forgetfulness and witnesses' fright, the committee added some gamy paragraphs to the malodorous Hoffa record.²

² A record to which Michigan's union-busted Democratic Senator Patrick McNamara seemed dubious this week when he declared in a TV interview that if the Teamsters "really want" Hoffa, "I'll go along with that, because they're all my constituents."

According to committee documents and testimony:

¶ A construction firm owned by Hoffa front men used \$235,000 in Teamster welfare funds as working capital.

¶ From 1948 to 1950, Hoffa listed a total of \$80,500 on his federal income tax returns under such vague categories as "collections." Testified he, "My business associate in Detroit has some horses and he places some bets, and we are fortunate to win some money." Asked whether he had any records of the race-horse winnings, Hoffa said that his betting partner Teamster Vice President Owen B. Brennan kept the records. Called to the witness chair, Brennan avoided Hoffa's testimony, refusing to testify for fear of self-incrimination. Growled Chairman McClellan: "Is the taking of the Fifth Amendment one of the prerequisite qualifications for advancement in the Teamsters?" On his lawyer's signal, Brennan took the Fifth again.

¶ A heavyweight prizefighter managed by Hoffa's pal Owen Brennan drew \$75 a week for two years as a Teamster welfare-fund claims investigator but did not investigating at all, instead he did odd jobs on Brennan's horse farm. The prizefighter's straightforward testimony about his Teamster days (now ended) flatly contradicted what Hoffa told the committee a year ago, and Chairman McClellan said he would ask the Justice Department to investigate the conflict.

¶ In the seven months since he elbowed flabby Dave Beck aside and took over as Teamster president, Hoffa has done nothing to clean the ex-convict thugs out of the Teamsters or sever the businesslike connections between his union and the underworld. Said Chairman McClellan to Witness Hoffa: "You have created an impression in the minds of some people that possibly one of the reasons you don't [act against the hoods] is because you are in the same category."

As the testimony piled up, the insolent curl that seemed frozen on Hoffa's lips early in the week thawed into a grim straight line. And there was plenty more piling-up to come: the committee put Hoffa on notice that he would have to remain available for "several weeks."

OPINION

More for Hawaii

With the Union expanding to 49 states to take in Alaska, more and more Americans want to bring in Hawaii to make it an even 50. So reports George Gallup who polled the U.S. in the wake of the Alaska statehood fight, found 52% in favor of Hawaiian statehood compared to 65% in favor only five months ago. Sentiment was strongest in the West, but even the South, whose Congressmen have kept the Hawaiian statehood bill bottled up because of objections to Hawaii's racial mixtures, is a surprising 50% in favor.

MISSISSIPPI

Justice in Water Valley

When Sheriff J. G. (for James Gray) Trelaw was accused of beating up and fatally injuring a Negro prisoner in his jail, few in north Mississippi's red clay Yalobusha County expected much to come of it. But when a grand jury indicted Trelaw for manslaughter, white citizens in the county seat of Water Valley moved fast. Remembering the "bad publicity" of the Emmett Till case (three years before in neighboring Tallahatchie County (TIME, Oct. 3, 1955)), they dissuaded Water Valley Negroes from hiring an N.A.A.C.P. lawyer, instead chipped in for a white attorney to act as the district attorney's special prosecutor.

As the trial opened, 200 spectators jammed the county courthouse, saw the lawyers and Till-Case Circuit Judge Curtis Swango select an all-white jury. Near-

ly everyone in Water Valley (1950 pop. 3,213) knew the dead prisoner, Woodrow Wilson Daniel, 37. Many remembered him as a grocery delivery boy and as a dependable bootlegger for both races. Everyone also knew that Sheriff "Buster" Treloar, 36, who campaigned on a prohibition platform, had kept an eye on Daniel since Daniel, three months earlier, was acquitted of a bootlegging charge. And nearly everyone in town knew that Sheriff Treloar had hauled in Daniel one night last June along with bottles of "evidence" that contained disputed portions of water and whisky.

A white woman jailed at the same time on a forgery charge testified that she saw Treloar walk into the cell and hit Daniel "ten or twelve times" with a club. Another white prisoner testified that on another occasion the sheriff caught Daniel "hollering out a window," clubbed him "three or four times." Respected Dr. Maubry McMillan, summoned at midnight to treat the stricken Daniel in jail, said Treloar told him: "I had to tap him on the head." Another physician testified that Daniel died nine days later of a brain hemorrhage.

Sheriffs from a dozen neighboring counties sat together in the courtroom to show their regard for lanky (6 ft., 2 in.) Buster Treloar. Encouraged, Sheriff Treloar admitted on the stand that he had rapped Daniel once to make him behave after his arrest for bootlegging and speeding, and that in the jail he had tapped Daniel three or four times on the shoulder and buttocks. Sure, he also nudged him with a toe to sit up for Dr. McMillan. Argued one of Treloar's four attorneys: "You are not trying him for whipping somebody. You're trying him for killing somebody."

After 26 minutes, the jury found Treloar not guilty. The sheriff winked at his pretty wife, accepted congratulations from fellow sheriffs, retrieved his blackjack from the evidence table. Said he: "Now, by God, I can get back to rounding up bootleggers and niggers."

POLITICAL NOTES

Michigan's Habit

In going after his sixteenth consecutive two-year term as Michigan's Governor, bow-tied Soap Heir G. Mennen Williams, the aging (47) political prodigy, ran into his first primary contest in a decade. Opponent: William L. Johnson, owner of Ironwood's radio station WJMS, backed by insurgent Democrats, who dislike "Soapy" Williams' alliance with the United Auto Workers' President Walter Reuther. But against potent Soapy, Johnson proved to be a washout. Last week, by a nearly six-to-one margin, Michigan Democrats picked Williams to run in November against G.O.P. Nominee Paul D. Bagwell, Michigan State University communications professor and a political novice. Odds-on to win: Williams. Nominated by the Democrats to run for the U.S. Senate against Republican Incumbent Charles E. Potter, Williams' popular lieutenant governor, Philip A. Hart.

Tennessee's Split

Watermelons on ice, fiddle music by the Clinch Mountain Clan and country songs by Grand Ole Opry stars brought out the voters 500 strong one hot night last week in East Ridge, Tenn. (1950 pop. 9,645). After a sample of the most lavish Democratic primary campaign that local politicians could remember, Millionaire Segregationist Prentice Cooper, 62, three-time Governor (1939-45) and Harry Truman's Ambassador to Peru (1946-48), poured it on incumbent U.S. Senator Albert Gore. "He is drawing \$75 a day to represent the people of Tennessee," bellowed Cooper in a stomping cadence, "but he is supporting



DEMOCRAT ELLINGTON
Another victory for racism.

a one-world, do-gooder, global-giveaway policy which has squandered the resources of the nation." Why. Gore even voted for reciprocal trade, in spite of the state's textile mills.

Cooper's fist clinched around his ultimate weapon: a battered copy of the Southern Manifesto. Gore's refusal to join 19 other Dixie Senators in this 1956 blast against civil rights made him a "traitor to the South," charged Cooper, who swore that his first official act would be to sign it.* Cheered by Orval Faubus' landslide just across the Mississippi, Cooper's rednecks promised to prove that only stout segregationists can now win primaries below the Mason-Dixon. But at vote-counting time in the as-good-as-elected Democratic primary late last week, Albert Gore

was renominated with 60% of the total, and swamped Cooper—watermelons, manifestoes and all—under a bigger vote than he dredged up to overturn the late Kenneth D. McKellar in 1952.

After the Faubus fright (TIME, Aug. 11), Northern editorialists happily hailed a big victory for moderation. In fact, it was more a personal victory for forthright Albert Gore than for moderation. Largely unnoticed was the sobering point that the Governor's power, which made Arkansas' Faubus far more of a Southern hero than any Senator, was won by Buford Ellington, 50, former state commissioner of agriculture and campaign manager for Governor Frank Clement.

Ellington ran as "an old-fashioned segregationist" with Clement's support, promised to close any integrated schools in case of violence. In a four-man, winner-take-all primary, Ellington's band snatched a last-minute victory from Memphis' Gore-like Reform Mayor Edmund Orgill, after rednecks blanketed rural West Tennessee with pictures of Orgill talking with Negro "friends during N.A.A.C.P. organizational meeting" (actually, he was talking to a nonpartisan civic-improvement group). Additional point for sign readers to note: victorious Segregationist Ellington and more rabid Candidate Andrew T. Taylor between them rolled up 61% of the vote in once moderate Tennessee.

Kansas' Hopeful

Clyde Martin Reed Jr., 44, seemed shy and diffident to Kansas Republicans who remembered his outgoing and handsome father, the late crusading editor (Parsons' Sun), able Governor (1939-51) and well-known U.S. Senator (1959-60). But Junior, now the Sun's publisher, did his best. He took a public-speaking course, worked so hard for the Republican nomination for Governor that he got home only six nights in the last three months of the campaign, traveled 30,000 miles and walked two pairs of soles off his shoes. Last week, by a vote of 147,438 to 35,085, he halloped one-term (1954-57) Governor Fred Hall, who had thoroughly split the party in 1956 to lose his second-term bid to Democrat George Docking.

Reed's huge majority welded the Kansas Republican Party together in a way to threaten, for the first time, Democrat Docking's hope of becoming Kansas' first two-term Democratic Governor in November. The last three Democratic Governors in orthodox Republican Kansas, recalled Clyde Reed, from lessons learned at his daddy's knee, were beaten by Republicans from his area. One of them by his own father.

Kansas' former State Democratic Chairman, Marvin A. ("Mike") Harder, 36, professor of political science at the Municipal University of Wichita, last week lost his own precinct committeeman's seat to Donald E. Anderson, 23. Winner Anderson's oddest qualification: he earned his political science degree last June after racking up a high grade in the political parties course taught by Professor Harder.

* Scripps-Howard's Knoxville News-Sentinel reported, after searching Washington for the original document, that Cooper might need the whole six-year term to find it.

FOREIGN NEWS



LODGE
A point.

THE COLD WAR

Taking It to the U.N.

In a stablike, loudspeaker-shaped building in Manhattan this week the 81-nation conclave, which romantics like to call "the parliament of man," addressed itself to a historic task. The problem before the U.N. General Assembly—the persistent, nitroglycerin-like instability of the Middle East—was infinitely complex and the potential consequences of another Mideastern explosion were incalculable. Yet, for all that, the great majority of delegates went to the fifth special session in the 13-year history of the Assembly armed with nothing more than what the Japanese engagingly called "a policy of positive wait-and-see."

Virtually every chancellor in the world—including Soviet Russia's—had been thrown off stride by the vagaries of Nikita Khrushchev. Ever since the Iraqi coup, Khrushchev had rendered the nights hideous with his full-throated cries for a summit conference on the Mideast. In his evident eagerness he had even accepted the U.S. and British proposal for a summit meeting held within the framework of the U.N. Security Council. Then, early last week, in one of the most dizzying of Russia's many dizzying 180° turns, Khrushchev abruptly announced that "the Security Council was not in a position to ensure solution of the question of the situation in the Near and Middle East." Reasons: "The Security Council . . . is practically subordinated to U.S. foreign policy" and, besides, it includes "the representative of a political corpse, Chiang Kai-shek." Both of these so-called facts existed when Khrushchev originally accepted a Security Council summit.

In actuality, the composition of the Security Council had little or nothing to do with Khrushchev's climb-down (see below). But to lend a note of conviction

to his complaints—and to save what diplomatic face he could—Nikita suggested a substitute for a Security Council summit: an extraordinary session of the General Assembly "to discuss the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Lebanon and British troops from Jordan."

Joint Chuckle. Reaction to Khrushchev's naked renegé ranged from sneers to near tears. "On again, off again, Finnigan," shrugged Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. **KHRUSHCHEV MAKES FOOL OF HIMSELF**, headlined London's tabloid *Daily Mirror*. "Responsibility for evading [a summit] meeting with the Security Council rests squarely with the Soviet Union," lamented the *Times of India*.

But inept as Khrushchev's performance had been, the movement toward some kind of international meeting on the Mideast had acquired too much impetus to be halted. Within 48 hours of receiving the newest Russian proposal, both President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan replied that a General Assembly meeting would be "acceptable." (Neither Western leader passed up the opportunity to point out to Nikita that his rejection of a Security Council meeting attended by heads of governments seemed oddly at variance with his alleged concern over threats to the peace.) When the Security Council met to pass on a U.S. resolution calling for a special General Assembly session, it did so in such an atmosphere of unanimity and of decreased alarm that when U.S. Delegate Henry Cabot Lodge scored a neat debating point against Soviet Delegate Arkady Sobolev, Sobolev joined in the general chuckling.



HAMMARSKJÖLD
A plan.



SOBOLEV
A pucker.

The 81-Ring Circus. Despite the sounds of cheer and gentle merriment from the Security Council, there were many who remained glumly convinced that the General Assembly meeting would prove nothing but an exercise in comparative propaganda techniques. "What can you accomplish at an 81-ring circus?" demanded one Italian newsmen. And in London the *Economist*, labeling the General Assembly "the monster of Turtle Bay,"* characterized it as a beast "too apt . . . to spout mightily and at length and then submerge again, leaving the confusion it anything deeper."

Pessimism is usually a safe approach in cold-war negotiations, but the worst forebodings were by no means certain to prove justified. Some of the Assembly's time would inevitably be devoted to sterile invective. But it seemed highly unlikely that Russia could muster enough Assembly support to focus the debate indefinitely on U.S. and British "aggression." Instead, there was some prospect that the majority of members would prefer to concentrate their attention on the Middle-Eastern stabilization plan unexpectedly unveiled at a preliminary Assembly meeting last week by U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld. As usual, Sweden's international civil servant wrapped his considered proposals in innocuous language. ("You know, you can't really understand Mr. Hammarskjöld the first time he speaks," said an Arab diplomat admiringly.) His recommendations:

¶ To counter Nasserite indirect aggression, the Arab states should reaffirm the Arab League Covenants in which they pledged themselves to respect each other's sovereignty and to avoid interference in each other's affairs. (Asking the Arabs to "reaffirm" rather than pledge was a

* A line, since filled-in, cove in the right bank of the East River where the U.N. now stands.

characteristic Hammarskjöld touch.) He also hinted at establishment of U.N. observation machinery to check on observance of these pledges and U.N. guarantees of present frontiers in the Middle East.

¶ To facilitate withdrawal of U.S. and British troops, the U.N. Observation Group in Lebanon and the U.N. Truce Supervision Organization in Jordan should become permanent commissions not necessarily armed, which would "show the U.N. flag" in both countries and report any threats to their independence.

¶ To strike at one of the underlying causes of the political upheavals in the Arab world, there should be joint action

Father & Son

In their tireless effort to determine how Soviet policy is made, Western diplomats are often in the position of anthropologists trying to reconstruct a dinosaur from the evidence of one jawbone. But when Nikita Khrushchev performed his clumsy about-face on the summit meeting last week, the reason was plain to see. He had been driven to it by Red China's Mao Tse-tung.

As has happened before, Khrushchev's cocky impetuosity had got him into trouble. In the days after the Iraqi coup, Nikita conducted his Mideast summit ne-

City, the two arbiters of the Communist world negotiated. When they emerged to shake hands for the photographers, the Peking line had become the Moscow line as well.

The Crackdown. This was not the first time Mao Tse-tung had made himself felt in Moscow. For two years Communist specialists in the West have been speculating that Mao had something close to a veto over some aspects of Soviet policy. Such speculation began when the Poles and Yugoslavs—soon after the October revolt that brought Wladyslaw Gomulka to power in Warsaw—reported that Mao was pressuring the Soviets to follow a more liberal policy toward the satellites. Warsaw and Belgrade saw Mao as their best champion in the Kremlin.

At that point, Mao was talking big about "letting one hundred flowers bloom"—until the blooming flowers of self-criticism set off such disorder in his own garden that he had to call the whole thing off. From then on, Peking worked against Gomulka and Tito by attacking Yugoslav "revisionism" even more savagely than did the Russians themselves. But the Mao-is-tops theorists stuck to their theory, while reversing their field: now it was not Mao the liberal they cheered, but Mao the hard they feared.

The available pieces of jawbone are not enough to flesh out the skeleton on which that theory hangs. But there could be little doubt that Mao had vetoed the summit. Nor is there much question of a sharpening distinction between current Russian and Chinese approaches. Khrushchev's claim to "liberalism" is belied by Hungary and his earlier days in the Ukraine; but he has pragmatically responded to some of the pressures to "liberalize" Russian life.

Mao is cracking down ever harder, and systematically sealing up every tiny gap in the Bamboo Curtain. The foreign press colony is now almost nonexistent in Peking. In the past six months, nearly two score Chinese servants employed in foreign embassies in Peking (including even that of "comradely" Czechoslovakia) have been whisked off to jail. Last week Mao's government ruled that the embassies and foreign business concerns could no longer hire their own employees, must accept people sent to them by the State Labor Bureau.

Saber & Specter. Obviously, any breath of outside air is, in China's present stage, like too much oxygen. Adult Russians have known nothing but a Communist society for the past 40 years; among educated Chinese, the memory of the atmosphere and another kind of thought is only nine years old. On such people, Mao has to cinch the Marxist straitjacket tighter. He is less free to adopt the Russians' confident approach that "peaceful competition" will lead to ultimate Communist triumph. In the classic fashion of young dictatorships, Red China must rely on "the threat from abroad" as a prop to internal discipline.

All of this was no sign that Mao was now calling the tune in the Communist



KHRUSHCHEV & MAO IN PEKING
Let's keep in touch!

by the Arab states and the U.N. in a far-ranging economic development program.

The Trip Wire. In drawing up his plan, Dag Hammarskjöld had characteristically proceeded from the existing power realities in the Middle East. To begin with, he had to take into account Arab nationalism; he sought to encourage its legitimate development. He sought to create conditions of stability so that Britain and the U.S. might withdraw their troops while retaining their commercial access to the area. He recognized that while the West had no intention of securing its economic interests indefinitely by the overt use of force, neither did it intend to be deprived of those interests by force.

In the long run, the chief hope that the Middle East's welter of conflicting national purposes could peaceably be reconciled lay in the establishment of a set of ground rules that would restrict political change in the Middle East to orderly, nonviolent channels. In essence, what Dag Hammarskjöld was proposing was acceptance of such a set of rules and the establishment of a kind of U.N. trip wire to sound the alarm whenever anyone showed a disposition to violate them.

negotiations with the offhand decisiveness of a man who feels no need to consult anyone before he answers his mail. When Eisenhower's note proposing a U.N. summit conference arrived in Moscow, Khrushchev and some of his top aides were in conference with a group of visiting Austrians. "Will you excuse us?" said Nikita. "We have to draft a reply to Eisenhower's letter." In just 20 minutes, his acceptance note outlined, Khrushchev reappeared.

In his self-confidence, Khrushchev ignored the deep-seated hostility inside the Kremlin bureaucracy toward a summit meeting inside U.N.—a hostility clearly indicated by the fact that the first reactions of the kept Soviet press to the proposal were uniformly unfavorable. Worse yet, he obviously failed to keep in touch with Mao, whose journalistic mouthpieces, right up to the moment that Khrushchev accepted the proposal, were denouncing it as "deceptive," "ridiculous," "full of pitfalls."

Then came the flight to Peking—a journey that to gleeful Asians seemed to be Khrushchev's dutiful response to a hurry-up call from Mao. For four days, behind the ancient red walls of Peking's Imperial

world, or, as London's pink *New Statesman* put it, that "Communism has two capitals, two spokesmen of equal weight." It suggests that Mao is a drag who on occasion has to be heeded. A nation of 600 million cannot be treated like Bulgaria.

The Communist China obviously do not like a U.N. where Nationalist China has a seat and they are excluded; and they would hardly welcome Khrushchev's designation of Nehru as the appropriate man to represent Asia. Not only did the Mao-Khrushchev talks kill the U.N. summit conference; they also involved Khrushchev in a display of belligerence that went far beyond his usual *pro forma* reminders of Russian military power. The communiqué itself was disguised by a gratuitous threat: "to wipe out clean the imperial aggressors and so establish everlasting peace." And on the heels of this saber-rattling, Peking calculatedly added to the rustle of tensions by moving MIG-17 jet fighters into several previously unused airfields along the South China coast, one of them only 22 minutes' flying time from Taipei.

Nationalist Chinese forces, fearful of an impending attack on the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, promptly went onto the alert; in Washington the Department of State protested that Peking was "raising the specter of war." And in the process, Khrushchev's longstanding campaign to persuade the world that the Communist nations are just one big nest of peace lovers suffered a sharp setback.

As always, there were some who thought that Khrushchev had planned it all that way: that having lost the advantage of a summit on his terms, he wanted out. But he hardly had to back out in a way that so reflected on his own authority.

With Due Deference. The Peking meeting was an undisguised personal rejection that could only strengthen the position of the men in Moscow who had regarded his Mideast summit policy as rash and unsound. The Russian censors even let pass an A.P. dispatch suggesting that Khrushchev's stature had been diminished in Moscow.

Not long ago, chatting with a group of distinguished foreigners, Khrushchev confided that in the long run "we expect our relations with the Chinese will be rather like England's with the U.S." What Nikita apparently had in mind was his own peculiar interpretation of Anglo-U.S. relations—a kind of father-son tie in which the elder power is accorded the deference due to a parent. Last week, thanks to Khrushchev's miscalculations, the whole world could see that father's authority was already a little challenged.

MIDDLE EAST

Pebbles from the Avalanche

On the surface the Middle East was relatively quiet; not a single government collapsed, only two bombs were exploded (in Lebanon), only one political plot frustrated (in Jordan). Nevertheless, events happened in the Middle East like the first pebbles of an avalanche, and almost all of

them fell in a direction favorable to Egypt's Nasser.

Lebanon. The election of General Fuad Chehab to the presidency relaxed tension but did not end it. Lebanese rebels insist on remaining under arms until President Camille Chamoun steps down and U.S. troops depart; Chamoun, not to be outdone, insists on serving out his term to the final minute on Sept. 23. President-elect Chehab ducked all responsibility: the opposition wildly protested the return of Dr. Charles Malik as Lebanon's U.N. representative, and Dr. Malik wanted



MURPHY & NASSER IN CAIRO
A late hello, a certain smile.

Chehab's endorsement before leaving for Manhattan. Chehab, as usual, was capably silent. As a brutal reminder that the rebel-enforced general strike, so harmful to trade, was supposed to continue, a bomb exploded in a Beirut coffeehouse, killing two innocent bystanders and wounding another. While U.S. marines got their first liberty, 2,000 at a time, in Beirut, a pro-Chamoun leader and two of his aides were found near the Syrian border with their throats slit from ear to ear.

Lebanon's Prime Minister Sami Solh, who narrowly escaped assassination two weeks ago on the road from Beit Meri and was in a rage at the rebels' continued holdout, tendered his resignation, but President Chamoun refused it. Pulling worriedly on a bubble-bubble water pipe, Solh told newsmen that he could have been butchered as was Iraq's Nuri as-Said "if the American forces had been 24 hours late." He went on: "The rebels, who had massed fresh forces and ammunition from Syria, were to launch a big attack shortly after the Iraqi coup. Had the U.S. not acted in time, the massacres would have dwarfed

those of 1860⁶ and would have been comparable only to the Armenian massacres in Turkey during World War I."

Jordan. Reassured by the arrival of 800 British reinforcements, King Hussein, under heavy guard, began to move about more freely, helicoptered to the Jordanian sector of Jerusalem where he told a Jordanian army audience "we shall never allow troublemakers, Communist lackeys and atheists to succeed in undermining this nation." But the arrests of pro-Nasser suspects continued with monotonous regularity: 27 Jordanians were standing trial for smuggling in guns and munitions from Syria, and several of them seemed certain to be publicly hanged; 20 others were swept up by the police as members of a gang of terrorists and bomb throwers. The clandestine radios screamed for Hussein's death; the Damascus newspaper *Al-Nasr al-Jadid*, jeered: "Jordan has turned into a huge prison!"

Four U.S. engineers arrived to try to improve Jordan's incredible desert railroads (of 21 locomotives, only five are operable) and to devise a method of speeding up the unloading of cargo at the shallow-draft port of Aqaba. For the British, who are holding the lid tight on this boiling cauldron, the situation is becoming critical. Each possible move seems to create more problems than it solves.

If the British pull out, King Hussein will fall. If they take Hussein with them, the country is apt to fall to Nasser. The Israelis, unwilling to be surrounded by Nasser, may well march to the west bank of the Jordan River, to give themselves a more defensible border as well as 2,165 more square miles of territory. With obvious envy, a British diplomat noted that the U.S. evacuation from Lebanon will be relatively easy, "since it merely involves walking down to the beach." But in Jordan there is no easy way out. Said the diplomat: "We don't regret going into Jordan. But we regret having had to do it." At week's end the U.S. embassy in Amman added to the confusion by "suggesting" that Americans in Jordan leave the country unless there were "compelling" reasons for them to remain. Grumbled a British officer: "It certainly seems ill-timed, I must say."

Iraq. The new revolutionary regime seems solidly in the saddle but not yet shaken down. Last week the mask of sweet reasonableness toward the West appeared to slip a bit. Baghdad censors permitted the newspaper *Al-Yakhdh* to boast: "We have no reason not to consider ourselves part of the United Arab Republic." The Baghdad radio announced that 111 prisoners (39 of them army officers) would shortly be tried by military courts for past crimes against the state. At the U.N., the new Iraqi delegate, Hashim Jawad, took his line from Egypt's shrewd Delegate Omar Loutfi by calling U.N. troops in Lebanon a "threat to inter-

⁶ When Druse tribesmen slew thousands of Lebanese Christians, leading to European intervention and the establishment of Lebanon as an autonomous province of the Ottoman Empire.

national peace" and a violation of the U.N. charter. Iraq's new Premier, Brigadier General Abdul Karim Kassam, had not talked that way to President Eisenhower's special envoy Robert Murphy the week before.

Imperturbable, five-star Ambassador Murphy, continuing his shuttling, soothing course around the Middle East, arrived in Cairo to find not a single representative of the Egyptian government at the airport to meet him. Nasser pointedly snubbed him for 24 hours, telling a visiting Japanese politician: "Frankly speaking, I wonder whether I should see Murphy at all, because I feel Murphy cannot understand the Arab mentality."

Having got as much mileage as possible from the snub, Nasser then met Murphy with the greatest cordiality. Murphy later told Egyptian newsmen: "We had a very thorough, very friendly and very satisfactory conversation ranging over a large number of subjects," and added of Nasser: "I have a very high estimate of his ability and knowledge." Asked an Egyptian reporter: "Are you going to change your policy as a result of talking to Nasser?" Murphy snapped: "Are you going to change yours?"

Saudi Arabia. One man Murphy did not see was Nasser's commander in chief, General Abdel Hakim Amer. General Amer was absent on a flying visit to Saudi Arabia where he dined with King Saud, who six months ago was being blasted by Radio Cairo for having "plotted" the assassination of Nasser. Now the Cairo spokesmen coined that Amer's visit was aimed at "purifying the Arab horizon."

All of this brotherly, pan-Arab back-slapping made it clear that Nasser was suggesting to the other Mideast states that they join in one big family dominated, naturally, by Nasser and Egypt. If Iraqis in the new Cabinet longed to keep oil royalties inside their own borders, they had to be mindful of the Baghdad street mobs that cheer Nasser's photograph, and absorb the lies and fury of Radio Cairo.

Besides, Nasser offers another form of membership in his club, not so binding as Syria's merger with Egypt in the United Arab Republic, which has not worked well, as even Nasser admits. Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and eventually Jordan might be persuaded to join a looser association called the United Arab States, which now links the U.A.R. with the feudal Imam of Yemen, a ruler whose primitivism makes the sheiks of Saudi Arabia appear enlightened democrats by comparison.⁶ By joining the U.A.S., other Arab rulers might hope to keep some internal autonomy and some hold on their fabulous oil revenues. Such a membership, seemingly voluntary, might prove immune to U.N. charges of violating the independence of those brotherly sovereign states.

⁶ A temporary and involuntary inmate of the Imam's palace, British-born Rita Nasir, last week described how the Imam punishes a recalcitrant wife or concubine caught in such offenses as smoking. She must kneel in front of the throne while the Imam's dentist yanks out several of her teeth for each offense.

ISRAEL

Useful Leverage

On the first of August the Israeli ambassador in Moscow transmitted to Jerusalem a threatening note he had been handed by the Soviet government. The next day Washington learned that Israel was about to ban the overflights of U.S. and British planes across Israeli territory, thereby cutting off the vital airlift of oil and supplies, one of the few trickles of aid that is reaching beleaguered Jordan.

Secretary of State Dulles, not believing that Israel could be intimidated by the sort of blustering Soviet note that the



GOLDA MEIR & COUVE DE MURVILLE
On with arms from France.

Turks receive and reject nearly every month, summoned Israeli Ambassador Abba Eban to see what the Israelis were up to. Israel did impose a ban on overflights, only to lift it "temporarily" three days later—for U.S. planes only.

Apparently Ben-Gurion's government was not so much frightened by the Russian note as eager to use the overflight permission as a bargaining lever to force the U.S. and Britain into heeding Israel's feelings. There had also been other pressures on Ben-Gurion besides Russia's. Israel's best Afro-Asian friends—especially Ghana and Burma—made their disapproval clear. Two left-wing parties in Ben-Gurion's coalition were strongly against letting Israel appear too committed to the West. Furthermore, Israel has tried to avoid backing one faction or another among Arab powers, whether Hussein or Nasser, on the ground that all are violently anti-Israel.

What the Israelis particularly hoped for were positive assurances, in writing

and publicly pronounced, that Washington and London would work to guarantee Israel's borders, and would come to Israel's aid if it was attacked. At week's end Israel's Milwaukee-raised Foreign Minister Golda Meir was invited to London on short notice. She had just held "satisfactory" talks with the French in Paris, where the De Gaulle government promised stepped-up arms shipments (Israel and France have been buddies against Nasser since Suez). From the British, about whom Israelis feel less sure, Minister Meir wanted a briefing on their intentions in Jordan, and a definite promise that, if the British do pull out, they will leave no arms behind them that could be used by a Nasser-dominated Jordan against Israel.

JAPAN

13th Anniversary

Early one morning last week 30,000 Japanese, carrying wreaths, incense sticks and bits of white paper folded into the shape of flying cranes, poured into Nakajima Park in Hiroshima on the northern shore of the Inland Sea. The waning moon still hung in the brightening blue sky. There was no wind, and the promise of a hot day. Said one Japanese, looking skyward: "It was a morning just like this when the bomb fell."

The crowd massed before a huge, circular grass mound under which are buried the thousands of unidentified victims⁶ of the first A-bomb dropped exactly 13 years ago. Green wreaths were soon piled about the mound; a forest of incense sticks smoldered fragrantly. A bell tolled, signaling a minute's silence—but some women wept aloud. Then, watched by the silent crowd, Hiroshima's Mayor Tadao Watanabe released 800 doves. Ten black-robed Buddhist priests began a solemn, monotonous chant of prayers that would continue until sundown.

644 Cranes. The crowd broke up, some to file through the Peace Memorial Data Hall, a chamber-of-horrors museum containing mementoes of the day Hiroshima died. Others congregated around the 10-ft. statue of Schoolgirl Sadako Sasaki. Sadako was two years old when the bomb exploded, and only half a mile from the explosion's center of impact. Yet she was apparently unharmed, and grew into a lively, likable child. In 1955, one month before graduating from grammar school, she developed the extreme lethargy that is the forerunner of "atom sickness." Hospitalized, Sadako began folding scraps of paper into flying cranes—Japanese legends hold that a sick person who makes 1,000 paper cranes will recover. Sadako got only as far as 644, and died.

This year the memorial services were marked with a new bitterness. The Tokyo newspaper *Fumuri Shinbun* editorialized: "We hope these commemorative events will bring home to those concerned with

⁶ In the atom bombing of Hiroshima, 71,370 died. In the U.S. fire-bomb raid on Tokyo six months earlier, the dead totaled 83,793.

the dropping of the bomb that they were guilty of acts so shameful that Japan will never forget them." Said Mayor Watanabe: "We now view the atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima, no matter for what purpose, as a crime committed against mankind." And he added: "We have become frightened."

The Fright. What was frightening Japan was the sudden sharp rise in leukemia deaths among supposedly uninjured survivors. In the year preceding last week's anniversary, 65 in Hiroshima and atom-bombed Nagasaki died of "atomic sickness." In the previous twelve months, the total deaths had been 36; in the year before that, 20. Another statistic was just as chilling: of 32,000 children born in Hiroshima in the past 13 years, nearly one in six was deformed or stillborn. U.S. Dr. George B. Darling of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission protests that "the incidence of abnormal births to parents never exposed to atomic radiation is higher than the layman suspects, and it's understandable that when one of these occurs in a family with a history of radiation exposure, radiation should be blamed." But Darling concedes: "We are trying to measure the effect of something new that nobody really understands."

For the bomb survivors not yet struck down by atom sickness, the worst damage appears psychological. Many of them try to conceal their identities because they often find themselves shunned. Says one Japanese bitterly: "People are afraid of us. They think we are going to fall sick and become a burden, or contaminate them. We know now how lepers feel." In a public-opinion poll, 40% of Japanese questioned said they would not marry a bomb survivor; 80% of those who would said they would refuse to have children. But the most gnawing fear of the survivors was expressed by one of them: "Each morning when I wake up, the nightmare recommences. How do I feel? If I find that I am even the slightest bit tired, then I imagine that the dread onset of 'lethargy' has begun."

But, just as the world seems able to push from its mind the memory of the A-bomb, so does Hiroshima itself. While the 30,000 pilgrims attended the commemorative service last week, nearly as many crowded into a nearby ballpark for a baseball game. As night fell, bright neon signs flashed invitations to amusement centers. The broad Ota River glittered with floating lanterns, and fireworks burst their colored lights against the sky in celebration of the joyous Buddhist Festival of Lanterns. Adjoining the grisly Peace Memorial Data Hall in Nakajima Park is a modern, air-conditioned hotel that caters to the 7,000 foreigners who annually visit Hiroshima, and the more wealthy of the 2,000,000 Japanese visitors. In addition to tourists, Hiroshima lives by the brewing of beer and the building of ships—and, ironically, by the manufacture of howitzers by Japan's biggest gunmaker, Nihon Seiko, whose sales last year grossed \$61 million and gave employment to more than 1,500 Hiroshima citizens.

SOUTHEAST ASIA

The Sister States

Out of the smashup of French Indochina in 1954 emerged four states: 1) Communist North Viet Nam, dark as night; 2) South Viet Nam, run by a strongly anti-Communist friend of the West; 3) the unpredictable Kingdom of Cambodia, which chose "active" neutrality; 4) a Red-riddled Kingdom of Laos, which felt it could afford nothing more dynamic than "plain" neutrality.

Throughout this area last week there was a rapid reshuffling of positions. The reason: Cambodia's Premier, Prince Nor-

He appealed to the U.S. for aid, threatening that if it was not forthcoming, Cambodia would use "all means at its disposal, political or otherwise, to achieve respect for its national integrity." When the U.S. supplied him only with soothing words, Sihanouk rushed to embrace Red China, announcing the news as he and his Cabinet, in a typical Mao stunt, posed working in the fields to show the common touch.

The news was ominous enough to wrench State Department eyes momentarily away from the Mideast crisis. Carl W. Strom, U.S. Ambassador to Cambodia, flew home to Washington for consultations. Neighboring Thailand abruptly declared a



PRINCE SIHANOUK (IN UNDERSHIRT) DISPLAYING WORKINGMAN'S SOLIDARITY
Into the arms of Peking.

dom Sihanouk, suddenly abandoned his "active" (i.e., pro-Western) neutrality and recognized Red China. Sihanouk visited Red China two years ago and appeared impressed with China's totalitarian "vigilance." But he was not stampeded into recognition then. Last month, Sihanouk wrote cogently in the American quarterly *Foreign Affairs* that "a prince and a former king must be well aware that the first concern of the Communists is to get rid of the king and the natural elite of any country they lay their hands on." Only last year Cambodia contributed 3,000,000 French francs for Hungarian relief.

Soothing Words. What had changed the prince's mind? For centuries Cambodia, heir of the lost civilization of Khmer, has had to fight off incursions from its close neighbors—Viet Nam, Thailand, Burma. Two months ago a Viet Nam battalion occupied three Cambodian border villages, after having previously imprisoned a number of Cambodian peasants. Sihanouk appeared to think invasion was imminent.

"state of emergency" on its border with Cambodia. Voices were raised in the Philippines for a meeting of the SEATO powers to deal with Cambodia's action.

In Saigon, Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem was the most seriously disturbed, for Red penetration of Cambodia would outflank his nation and give the Communist Chinese access to the Gulf of Siam. Diem rushed his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu to the Cambodian capital of Phnom-penh to negotiate a settlement of the border question, and the Cambodian radio announced that terms had been discussed in a "relaxed atmosphere." Sihanouk promised, as soon as he returns from his current junket to Peking, to pay a visit to President Diem in Saigon.

Vacuum-Sealed World. Prince Sihanouk could congratulate himself on having brought off a political victory—but it was a coup that made sense only if the small states of Southeast Asia lived in a vacuum-sealed world of their own. By using the leverage of recognition of Red China,

Sihanouk may have unalterably weakened Cambodia and its sister states. Laos to the north is already partially surrounded by Communist powers, has nine elected Communist deputies in its 50-man Assembly and a government that struggles (sometimes not hard enough) against corruption and mismanagement. In Cambodia itself the Chinese, who make up 6% of the population and most of the merchant class, will now fall under Peking's direct influence, espionage and subversion. All this was quite a price for young Prince Sihanouk to pay to win a minor concession on a trifling border dispute.

CYPRUS

Flight to the East

I have ordered every activity against the English and Turks to cease. But I declare that if the provocations by the English and Turks continue in any way whatsoever, then from the 10th of this month I will be free to order immediate action against them both.

Hundreds of leaflets bearing this terse message fluttered through the streets of Nicosia one evening last week just before curfew. Men and women waiting until British military patrols rounded the corner, furtively scooped up the leaflets, eagerly read the truce offer of Colonel Grivas, leader of the Greek Cypriot EOKA. Next day the British government—still seething at the recent murder of Lieut. Colonel Frederick Collier as he watered his flowers at his bungalow near Limassol—was officially silent. But the nameless leader of the Turkish Cypriot underground movement, T.M.T., also agreed to call off all attacks "until further notice." Cyprus, which has seen 127 killed in gangland-type slayings in less than two months, breathed a sigh of relief.

Sussex Gardens. The sigh was echoed in Britain, where Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was weekending in the gardens of his Sussex home. The idea struck him that this might be the time for a personal visit to Athens and Ankara in the hope that one quick, bold move, at a time when both sides were weary and fearful, might finally clear up the bloody mess on Cyprus. For six weeks an apparent softening had been noticeable in the Greek position, a willingness to explore a settlement that would not insist on the future rights of *enosis*, i.e., the union of Cyprus with Greece. Turkey, too, was so absorbed by the revolutionary turmoil of her Arab neighbors that Cyprus for the first time in months was off the front pages of Turkish newspapers.

Within 24 hours of his decision, Macmillan was on his way, declaring: "The first thing we need to do is end all the horrible bloodshed and misery." Arriving at Athens' Ellinikon airport, Macmillan shook hands with Greece's handsome Prime Minister Constantine Karamanlis, who attributes his rapidly greying hair to the Cyprus question. At almost the same time, Cyprus Governor Sir Hugh Foot flew to Athens to talk privately

with bearded Archbishop Makarios, the exiled ethnarch of Cyprus.

Green Table. But the Prime Ministers' talks did not go easily. Four and a half hours were spent around a green-draped table in the Anathora Palace. Another conference was held the following day. The Greeks argued for liberal self-government for Cyprus that would "unite Cypriots, not divide them," and shield away from the British concept of "partnership" (Greece, Turkey and Britain all to have a voice in governing the island), and separate assemblies for Turkish and Greek Cypriots, because this seemed too close to the partition demanded by Tur-



KARAMANLIS & MACMILLAN
How to end the misery.

key. Besides, argued the Greeks, such a plan would freeze into law the hostility between Greek and Turkish Cypriots that has developed only in recent months.

As the British Prime Minister took off for Ankara and similar conferences with Turkey's Premier Adnan Menderes, Macmillan was jauntily confident, but Greek officials shrugged despondently. Some observers thought that Greek pessimism was mostly for Turkish consumption and was intended to make it easy for Turkey to retreat from its insistence on an unworkable partition. Basically, Turkey only wants to make sure that Greece does not take over this key island 43 miles off Turkey's southern shores.

On troubled Cyprus five Greek Cypriots had been murdered since the date of Colonel Grivas' truce offer. They had all been killed by EOKA gunmen as "Greek traitors." Colonel Grivas' ceasefire apparently extended only to Turks and British, not to fellow Greeks against whom he held a grudge.

FRANCE

Fight with the Octopus

On a soft June evening this summer, the police of industrial Lille came upon a man named Bachir Boussaid lying in a back alley with his head split open. The police knew him as a minor Algerian nationalist who had once belonged to the more moderate M.N.A., and then switched his allegiance to the terrorist F.L.N. Boussaid was taken to a hospital where, the police say, his dying delirium was composed almost entirely of names and addresses.

A transcript of Boussaid's last words was forwarded to the Paris headquarters of the *Direction de Surveillance du Territoire*, the secret-service arm of the French police. The D.S.T. has long warned on the F.L.N.'s clandestine organization in France, which levies taxes to finance the rebels in Algeria, operates an espionage network and an underground escape route. The F.L.N.'s biggest coup occurred this spring, when it smuggled out of the country an entire soccer team made up of star Algerian players (TIME, April 28). In combatting the F.L.N., French secret police have made thousands of arrests, but they mostly pick up small fry. In the first six months of this year Algerian war violence—Metropolitan France accounted for 374 dead and 617 wounded, Grumbled a D.S.T. agent: "It's like chopping at the tips of the tentacles of an octopus. We haven't been able to get at the beast himself."

But there was finally a trail, starting at Boussaid's bedside. It led to addresses in Paris, Lille, Belfort and Metz. In Paris the address was a five-story apartment house at 17 Rue Lucien-Sampaix, in the working-class 10th *arrondissement*. A new building was going up across from the apartment house, and D.S.T. agents disguised in painters' white overalls drove up each morning in a truck that contained a battery of cameras with telephoto lenses. For days, everyone who entered or left the house was filmed. Separating the legitimate tenants from a recurring stream of Algerians the police narrowed their search to a two-room flat on the fifth floor, rented by a 28-year-old French girl named Cécile Decuzis, a cinema technician who had once worked in Tunisia.

Last week after almost two months of photography and tailing suspects, the police struck in Paris and in half a dozen other northern cities. The bag was impressive: some 30 people, ranging from Mohammed ben Aissi, who, police claim, was the head of F.L.N.'s Region No. 3 (northeastern France), to a 24-year-old Muslim girl who was a philosophy student at the Sorbonne, to a civil servant who worked in the French social security office in Lille, had access to employment rolls and was thus able to supply the names of Muslim workers who could be forced to contribute to F.L.N. Also gathered in: half a ton of documents, including false identity cards and residence certificates. The F.L.N. octopus in France was still alive, but it was now missing a few tentacles.

No Time for Soldiers

Out of the French army's soul-destryming trial by fire in Algeria there has so far emerged one superlatively good combat commander: a 42-year-old ex-bank clerk from Toul named Marcel Bigeard (TIME, April 28). So notable is Colonel Bigeard's tactical genius and so successful his Spartan training methods that for three years, whenever French troops scored one of their rare clearcut victories over the Algerian rebels, French newspaper readers automatically looked for the name of his 3rd Colonial Paratroop Regiment. Last week to their confusion Frenchmen learned that there was no longer any place in Algeria for Marcel Bigeard.

At the root of Bigeard's troubles lay the publicity that his military triumphs had won for him. Had the tall, sinewy colonel been a graduate of St. Cyr (France's West Point), his superiors might have put up with him. But they begrudged such acclaim to a "jumped-up ranker" who perennially poked fun at "generals with middle-aged spread."

Noncom's War. Last April, Bigeard's enemies succeeded in getting him assigned to command a special school designed to train junior officers in "revolutionary warfare." Unlike many other paratroop officers, he stood aloof from the army coup of last May, earned the further dislike of the balcony generals and colonels of Algiers by scornfully condemning their coup ("The army, instead of waging war, is indulging in politics"). And early this month, when *Paris Presse's* Reporter Jean Larteguy visited Bigeard's school in search of material for a series on "the sickness of the French army," the outspoken colonel gave him an earful. Dismissing General Raoul Salan, commander of French forces in Algeria, with the mocking nickname "Papa" Salan, old Noncom Bigeard hammered away at his favorite thesis: "The staff officers want to run a state war when really this is a noncom's war. . . . The colonels must march with their men, not circle overhead in helicopters while the poor wretches sweat it out in the hills. The rebel leader we are up against marches with his men, draws the same pay as they do, eats the same rations."

Neither Left nor Right. This was the opportunity for which Bigeard's "political officers" of Algiers had been waiting. In righteous indignation General Salan sent an aide to demand that Bigeard apologize and issue a retraction. Bigeard refused, and Salan promptly sent him off on two months' compulsory leave, "pending reassignment in Metropolitan France."

Last week, leaving Algeria, Bigeard sang *Auld Lang Syne* with the officers and men of his old regiment, who had come down to see him off, then read a final statement. "Bigeard does not wish his departure to be exploited by political parties. He is neither of the right nor of the left. His expulsion from North Africa distresses him considerably, but he does not hate anyone for it. As a soldier he had only one desire—and that was to help rebuild a young, well-equipped, sportsmanlike army

with a great ideal." To the swarms of reporters who greeted him in Paris, the exiled colonel simply reread the same statement. "Don't make me say anything else," he begged with a grin, "or you'll have me in the cooler."

Take It or Leave It

Having had twelve of them since the 1789 Revolution, the French should be experts at writing constitutions, but they still have to produce one that really works for long. Last week with his customary lofty dignity, Premier Charles de Gaulle swept into the Palais Royal to defend his own proposed constitution before a special

to who the first President of the Fifth Republic will be, "should not be written for De Gaulle, but for 30 years ahead. The President after De Gaulle might be dangerous."

The Missing Word. Speaking like a stern parent, De Gaulle refused to budge. Events of the last twelve years, during which the whims of the Assembly had toppled 25 governments, proved, said he, that Articles 14 and 21 are "indispensable." Then De Gaulle moved on to a subject the committee was anxious to hear more about—the question of the territories overseas, including the vast areas of French West Africa (see next pages), French Equatorial Africa and Madagascar. For these, De Gaulle offered three choices: 1) status quo as semi-autonomous territories; 2) integration as departments of France; or 3) some form of federation with France, with increased self-government.

He did not offer a fourth choice—independence—and the absence of this magic word set off predictable outcries among some African politicians. "France," said French West Africa Deputy Hammadou Dicko, "must recognize our independence and not only our right to independence." After hearing a nationalist pep talk by Ghana's Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah ("Make first for independence, and you will get the rest"), a meeting of African party leaders in Dahomey called upon France to help her territories form a "United States of Africa." De Gaulle apparently would have the West African territories separate states affiliated with France. For all their protests, Africans were careful not to ask for too much too soon, lest France cut off its vital economic aid. What Africa really wanted, explained Deputy Dicko earnestly, "is independence in association with France, not independence-secession."

"Risks & Perils." As on the powers of the presidency, De Gaulle was firm to the point of bluntness. He had no rigid conception of what the colonial federation should be, nor was he against allowing the federation to form alliances with other African states in "a vast community of free peoples." As he put it, "the work that has been started is immense and new: to build an ensemble on the basis of spontaneous acceptance [by France itself] and the overseas territories. . . . of an association adapted to the realities of the modern world."

But, said he in effect: either the territories must accept association, or they must secede and suffer all the "risks and perils" (i.e., no more aid) that that would involve. Then, having stated his case, the Premier strode out of the Palais Royal, announced that he would visit French West Africa and Madagascar to sell his program in person before the people troop to the polls to vote yes or no next month. He was counting on the fund of good will he had earned among Africans with his wartime Free French proclamations from Brazzaville on the Congo, and on a dawning African awareness of the possibility of a more fruitful future in partnership.



REYNAUD & FRIEND
How to adapt to realities.

39-man parliamentary committee set up to examine it. De Gaulle was out to solve two major problems that have at times virtually paralyzed his country—the chaos of a supreme but irresponsible Parliament, and the long struggle to find some permanent policy for France's colonies.

The quiet that had settled over France since May—a mood of let-Charles-do-it—had been broken by the protests of the non-Communist left (led by former Premier Pierre Mendès-France) against giving as much power to the President as De Gaulle proposed. The parliamentary committee itself—led by De Gaulle's old friend, 79-year-old Paul Reynaud, and composed entirely of men who had voted De Gaulle to power—voted against De Gaulle's Article 21, which requires any member of the Assembly to resign if made a Cabinet minister. They also had objections to the emergency dictatorial powers given to the President in Article 14. "The constitution," huffed one ex-Premier, who apparently has no doubt as

FRENCH WEST AFRICA

PROMPTLY at sunrise every Friday, the highest nobles and chiefs of the Mossi tribe gather outside the concrete palace in the capital of Upper Volta to go through a ceremony that has changed not one jot in centuries. Groveling in the dust, the chiefs render homage to the nobles and then in turn take homage from the multitudes around. When all that is done, drums begin to roll, and a plump young man of 28 suddenly appears, dressed in a bright red cap and robe. To 1,700,000 Mossi, the young Moro Naba is the incarnation of the sun on earth, and he rules through a court more rigid in its ritual than that of Louis XIV, the Sun King. Each week, after the nobles have abased themselves before him, the Moro Naba heads for a splendidly caparisoned stallion. But just as he is about to mount, his Chief of Eunuchs confronts him and begs him not to ride away. With the same angry gesture he uses every Friday, the Moro Naba protests, but finally yields, saying "I shall not depart."

This ceremony of "The False Departure"—which dates back to the day that one of the Naba's ancestors was persuaded not to desert his people to pursue a favorite runaway wife—is unique to the Upper Volta in the eight territories of French West Africa, but is in a way symbolic of the whole region's inheritance of paradox and anachronism. Next month Premier de Gaulle's new constitution will go before the people, who by choosing white or green cards will decide whether or not to cast their lot permanently with the French. Whether this will prove a false departure, with the Africans refusing to go, depends partly on how eloquent De Gaulle proves in person on a tour of West Africa in the next fortnight. France's colonial record, spottily elsewhere, is quite good in West Africa. And the French have shown themselves surprisingly adaptable to Africa's growing demands.

Of French West Africa's nearly 19 million people, nine million are Moslems, one million Christians, the rest pagan animists. The Negroes alone speak 150 different languages. Just outside the teeming modern city of Abidjan, villagers still slaughter small children and toss their disemboweled bodies into the river to make sure of a good year's fishing. Until this year, Mauritania, whose Berber people call themselves "whites" (*Bidanes*), felt itself too poor to have a capital of its own; it shared Saint-Louis, which was the capital of black Senegal. In Dahomey, which means "The Belly of Dan," after an ancient king who ate his victims, the fiercest warriors were once the Amazons. And among the Tuareg tribes of the Niger, it is the men, not the women, who wear veils.

Frenchman's Burden. To these oddly assorted lands, half the size of Europe, almost seven times the size of Texas, France clings tenaciously, even though much of the land is still poor and only 50,000

Frenchmen live there. Not for years will the \$550 million poured in since 1948 begin to pay off—but there are riches to be found, and France seems determined not to let this vast remnant of its empire go by default, or to make the same mistakes that led to Algeria.

So far, the thundering cries of nationalism that rocked North Africa have failed to disrupt the lands to the south and west. Even Mauritania's powerful Emir of Trarza, absolute ruler of 50,000 warriors, who stunned Paris by swearing allegiance to the King of Morocco last April, has declared: "No one can say that France has exploited Mauritania. On the contrary, it has been for her a burden." Most of French West Africa's present leaders want France to carry the burden for a long



Larry Burrows—Life

MINISTER HOUPHOUËT-BOIGNY
"We don't want independence."

time to come—and France willingly does so in the firm belief that, with its deserts irrigated and its veins of wealth open, the territory will someday justify the effort.

With no sizable community of French *colons* to harass and badger it, the Paris government has been able to conduct a far more consistent policy than it has elsewhere. When Socialist Guy Mollet became Premier in 1956, he appointed as Minister of Overseas Territories the far-sighted mayor of Marseilles, Gaston Defferre. While his colleagues busied themselves with a disastrous Algerian policy that eventually led to rebellion, Defferre drafted a really effective *loi-cadre* (skeleton law) for French West Africa. Though the chief executive of each territory was to be a Paris-appointed premier, responsible for defense and foreign relations, the domestic power was placed in the hands of elected assemblies, which choose their own cabinet ministers to tax and run each

country. Over all these is a Grand Council, which sits in Dakar and coordinates the activities of the entire area.

"Who Is Independent?" Only last month the De Gaulle government decided that henceforth the territorial premiers would be elected Africans, instead of Europeans. As a result of such concessions—and of the obvious fact that French West Africa is wholly dependent on France and the French Union for nearly 80% of its trade—France has a reservoir of good will. French West Africa's most noted political leader is Félix Houphouët-Boigny, sophisticated mayor of the Ivory Coast's capital of Abidjan and a minister of state in De Gaulle's Cabinet. Says he: "We don't want independence. My neighbor Nkrumah in Ghana is independent, and as a result must support an army which is very expensive. Who is really independent, anyway?"

There was a time when Houphouët-Boigny talked quite differently. In 1949 he called an interterritory congress of French West Africa's most powerful political party, the *Rassemblement Démocratique Africain*, and pledged allegiance to the French Communists and their fight against "the forces of imperialism." Thus encouraged, the Communists began to infiltrate the R.D.A., but so incited its members that bloody riots erupted. The following year, African Deputies in the French Assembly broke with the Communists. Today the influence of Communism is negligible in the political hierarchy of French West Africa.

Next to Houphouët-Boigny, the most powerful man in the R.D.A. is a 36-year-old labor leader named Sékou Touré, now the vice premier of Guinea. A onetime Marxist and incorrigible troublemaker for France, he is a ruthless man who used to burn the houses of his enemies, and looks upon the *loi-cadre* as only one step toward autonomy. But the French regard him benignly as one of the ablest administrators in the whole territory. "I am no socialist," says he, "and neither are my colleagues. We have studied the principles of socialism. Communism, the M.R.P., the European Unionists, and we have adopted principles which correspond to the needs of Africa today." Chief need of Africa: "Lots of capital. But to attract it we must inspire confidence in investors. Our responsibility is to inform the African people of their responsibility in this matter."

Peanuts & Problems. Unfortunately, only Houphouët-Boigny's Ivory Coast and Touré's Guinea have inspired much confidence so far. Though Senegal was the first territory to be colonized, its economy still depends mostly on peanuts—a crop that gradually exhausts the soil. Mauritania, which has only four towns of 3,000 people or more, is a vast desert where rich deposits of iron and copper ore are still to be exploited. The Upper Volta has as many livestock as people, and its workers



N'GOR HOTEL at Dakar offers 162 luxurious rooms overlooking bay near westernmost tip of Africa. Hotel is one room thick, charges \$21 a day for double room, meals.

GRAND COUNCIL CHAMBER in Dakar, opened in 1952, houses twice-a-year meetings of territorial delegates. Plaster-and-fiber strips beneath ceiling hide lighting, help acoustics.





SUDANESE WALLED VILLAGE of mud houses nestles on highland slopes of Mt. Koulouba overlooking plain of the Niger River (*near*) and Bamako, the modern and generously air-conditioned territorial

capital. Taken over in 1883 as French base for pacification of the French Sudan, Bamako (pop. 80,000) is center of medical efforts to rid West Africa of leprosy, trachoma, other age-old scourges of the tropics.



BURIAL RITE for a dead member of amnistic Dogon tribe is danced by villagers atop 1,000-ft.-high cliff at Sangha in Sudan desert. Crosses

on dancers' wooden masks are waved in circles and lowered toward the ground to denote rising and setting of the sun, symbols of resurrection.



DRAINAGE DITCH, ten miles long, is dug by hand through Ivory Coast's Agnèby River delta to open new land for rice planting.



IDOL WORSHIPER, red-robed head man of 170,000 Mossi in Upper Volta, receives the white-gowned Imam of Ouagadougou outside mud wall encircling palace. Carved idol stands against thatched door covering *center rear*.



Annie Schuster-Morel

BALLOON HOUSES of concrete poured over frames of rubber or plastic are used by French naval

air personnel at Port Etienne, Mauritanian military base and fishing center on Atlantic Coast.



AFRICAN GIRL pounds millet in front of concrete-block house

provided by government agricultural station in French Guinea.

CONAKRY'S SKYSCRAPERS bespeak boom in French Guinea's capital, with \$350 million in hauxite and other investments.





Henry Henshaw

TIMBUKTU, whose name rings with remoteness and mystery, gained fame when its caravans turned up in North Africa with gold. Europeans probed the Sudanese desert to Timbuktu in early 19th century, found only mud houses and impoverished population (now 8,000), mostly Moslem, shepherds and traders. Still isolated, it will soon have air service for the tourist trade.





RAILROAD BRIDGE crossed by Sudanese women on way to market at Markala, was built above the sluice gates of Niger River's Sansanding Dam, main structure of desert project supplying water to 108,460 acres for cultivation of cotton and rice. Tracks of Trans-Saharan Railroad will some day link French West Africa with Algerian ports 1,500 miles away.





ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL of straw and bricks with bamboo window curtains was built by natives with missionary help, in bush near Koudougou, Upper Volta.



SUNDAY MARKET in Upper Volta attracts more than 10,000 traders each week to Banfora (normal pop. 5,000) to buy and sell everything from gaudy European cloth to home-brewed millet beer (in clay pots).



NEW DAM of concrete and earth rises across Bia River in tropical forest 60 miles east of Abidjan, in Ivory Coast. Built by French

engineers and 850 African workers, it will, when finished in 1950, supply 17,800 kw of electricity for territory's increasing power needs.



ABIDJAN, Ivory Coast capital and Gulf of Guinea port for export of coffee, cocoa, palm oil and tropical wood, is modern city with population of 1,250,000 including 5,000 Europeans.

Félix Houphouët-Boigny Bridge across Ebrié Lagoon, with four-lane highway, paths for cyclists and pedestrians and lower-level railroad tracks, ends in plaza circled by government buildings.

must migrate from the territory each year to find jobs. Niger, the largest territory, and Dahomey, the smallest, barely manage to survive.

Throughout these destitute lands, the French have made isolated but highly promising efforts at development. In the French Sudan, the TVA-like *Office du Niger*, located in a tree-shaded and prosperous town that was once just a cluster of huts, has built a \$21 million dam across the Niger River, on top of which lie the tracks for the still nonexistent Trans-Saharan Railroad (the railroad station is currently being used as an office building). The *Office* has reclaimed more than 108,000 acres of desert where cotton and rice can now grow, hopes eventually to have 2,000,000 acres under cultivation.

"*Avion!*" With its huge exports of cocoa (\$30 million a year) and coffee (\$60 million), as well as its dense forests, the Ivory Coast is rich by comparison. By sunrise the people of Abidjan are already on their way to work, the men loping along in giant and graceful strides, bantering in a French laced with local slang, *e.g.*, "*Avion!*" for "Hurry up!", "*Japan!*" for anything shoddy. The symbol of the Coast's progress is the French-financed Félix Houphouët-Boigny Bridge that stretches across the Ebrié Lagoon and

supports a four-lane highway and a two-track railway.

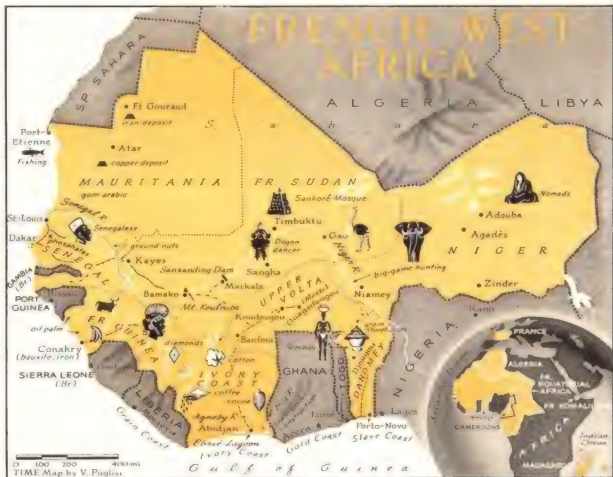
Guinea, the home of the headwaters of the Senegal and Niger Rivers, has plunged into the most ambitious industrial program in French West Africa. Touré has abolished the corruption-ridden French office of cantonal chiefs, is now training a cadre of 106 administrative experts to run the land. French, Swiss, Canadian and U.S. money is backing a \$200 million bauxite development program. "In five years," says one French official, "Guinea will be unrecognizable."

The Realists. In their efforts to keep the good will of French West Africa, the French have sent down much more than money. They have also exported a dedicated group of civil servants and army men. Headed by the soldier-doctor General Pierre Richet, a small team of 25 doctors and 1,200 nurses and technicians move constantly about in mobile medical units, ridding the countryside of sleeping sickness, leprosy, syphilis, crippling yaws and blinding trachoma. In some areas sleeping sickness once afflicted as many as 80% to 95% of the population, killed off one in five of its victims. Today the mortality rate is close to zero.

In education there has been no such spectacular progress. Illiteracy is still

enormous. Only 13.5% of the children go to school, and the whole area has only one university—the University of Dakar in Senegal, which has fewer than 1,000 students. But the African leaders are opening new schools every day, preparing for a future that seems destined to follow a pattern of its own. Except among a few Berbers in Mauritania, Nasserism has no appeal; and though it is fashionable in Abidjan for ladies to have a picture of Nkrumah's face woven into their dresses, the example of independent Ghana arouses far less excitement than it does in British Africa.

Though young hotheads cry for independence, what the present generation of leaders want is something a good deal more mystical and at the same time more realistic—a kind of proud brotherhood, not only with all of Africa, but also with France. "Our fundamental choice," Touré has said, "resides in the entire decolonization of Africa—its men, its economy, its administrative organization, in order to build a solid Franco-African community. Our heart, our reason, even more than our most evident self-interest, makes us choose, without hesitation, interdependence and liberty in this union, rather than a definition of ourselves without France and against France."



THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Famous Friends

Just by arriving when he did, U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles made one of the most important points of his two-day trip to Brazil last week. It was his first visit to South America in two years—and he made it with U.S. troops standing ready in Lebanon and debate on the Middle East situation about to begin in the U.N. Said Rio's *Diário Carioca*: "By his very presence here at this time, Senhor Dulles proves false the idea that the U.S. neglects Latin America."

Hold the Vultures. Dulles flew down to talk with President Juscelino Kubitschek and to repair the damage done to inter-

ing in the gilt study of Laranjeiras Palace the day after Dulles arrived. Its gist: 1) a strong re-establishment of Pan-American unity, with Latin America's importance to the U.S. and the free world clearly emphasized; 2) a ten-year program, coordinated by a central agency, to raise Latin American productivity and living standards, thereby throw up a barrier against Communist penetration.

Seven-Column Spread. Kubitschek did not press his idea of launching Operation Pan-American with a summit meeting. "A presidential conference," he said, "might be opportune to launch the Operation in due course, after full discussion and preparation." Their final agreement: Brazil and the U.S. will sound out the other 19 repub-

Just One More. Three days after it ran the picture, *Journal* (but not Lacerda's *Tribuna*) grudgingly explained what really happened. Kubitschek was merely imploring the photographers to end their demands for "just one more," while a smiling, relaxed Dulles held a green Brazilian dispatch case containing the joint declaration they were about to sign.

If Kubitschek had indeed been pleading for anything, he might have deserved credit for a plea well presented. After a second meeting, Dulles dashed off for a luncheon talk before the American Chamber of Commerce, then flew to Brazil's new capital, Brasília, for a farewell dinner with Kubitschek. Then he headed back for Washington, where at week's end the



DULLES & PRESIDENT KUBITSCHKE AT RIO MEETING
The lie was seven columns wide.

American solidarity by the anti-Nixon riots last May. Kubitschek had written to President Eisenhower suggesting a presidential get-together. Later he proposed "Operation Pan-American" for a long-run strengthening of the hemisphere's bonds by planned economic development. Dulles studied Kubitschek's proposals on the long flight south, and also read reports of the reception being planned for him by leftists and nationalists. Flocks of vultures were to be released, roadblocks set up, demonstrations staged by professional Reds with signs reading "Dulles will not pass." But as he rode under an overcast sky into downtown Rio from the international airport, the only demonstrators in sight were 200 cheering, clapping Brazilians waiting outside the U.S. embassy.

Dulles and Kubitschek hit it off famously from the start. Kubitschek had thought out his Operation Pan-American, presented it forcefully at their first meet-

ings in the hemisphere, and, if acceptable, set up a working group in Washington by late September to draw up an outline development program; any meeting of Presidents would follow later. With that settled, Dulles and Kubitschek took time out to pose for pictures.

One of them showed Kubitschek, his arms spread, apparently pleading with Dulles, who seemed to be looking into his wallet (see cut). It was enough to send Rio's nationalist press into tail spins. The normally staid *Jornal do Brasil* spread it seven columns across the front page, ran a caption implying that Kubitschek was pleading desperately with a sardonically grinning Dulles. Jeered Congressman Carlos Lacerda in his *Tribuna da Imprensa*: "Kubitschek, the President, rises respectfully to talk to Secretary Dulles in a language which cannot be understood. For it is the language of a subaltern speaking to a superior."

Export-Import Bank announced that credits totaling \$58 million in favor of the Bank of Brazil had been granted by a consortium of U.S. private banks, along with a \$100 million credit from the Export-Import Bank itself.

COLOMBIA

Civilian Takes Over

Under the stained-glass dome of the Capitol in Bogotá, a Liberal intellectual with a talent for adroit political compromise became President of Colombia last week, ending five years of military rule. The tricolored sash of office flashing across his starched shirt, Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo, 52, stood stiffly through an enthusiastic 21-gun salute that shattered a Capitol window. He listened gravely to aging (60), laurel Conservative Senate President Laureano Gómez, who struggled to his feet to read the oath of office. Lleras



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Camargo answered, "I swear," and democracy was back in business.

No Champagne. There was no inaugural ball, not even a modest champagne reception. It was, said Lleras, a simple ceremony "to set an example of austerity." But foreign visitors (including a six-man U.S. delegation), well-branded generals and curbside crowds turned out to honor the architect of the new Colombian ideal of the "National Front."

A onetime journalist, university president, secretary-general of the Organization of American States and veteran of a previous tour as President (1945-46), Lleras got the National Front started by joining his Liberals with Laureano Gómez Conservatives to aid a group of fed-up army officers bounce Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla on May 10, 1957. Now Lleras rules under a pact that splits the Cabinet, Congress and local offices fifty-fifty between the two parties.

But the pact has not yet spread to the mountainous backlands, where bandits, peasants and landowners continue a bitter Conservative-Liberal war that has killed 200,000 Colombians in the past decade. In the week before inauguration day, two soldiers and 41 bandits died in battle. Lleras in his inaugural speech promised "voracious pacification." He will have the help of the army, which has served as faithful caretaker through a five-man junta, since Rojas Pinilla's ouster.

Huge Debts. The President's other big problem is an economy dragged downward by the Rojas regime's extravagance and the estimated \$70 million sag in coffee income this year. The junta made a start by imposing what Colombian businessmen call "organized recession," including severe import restrictions on everything from toothpaste to typewriters. The cost of living is still climbing at a rate of 26% a year and Lleras warns that if coffee prices are not stabilized, "this country may explode."

But in last week's joyous return to democracy, Colombians temporarily put aside the problems of their fertile, underdeveloped land. As their final official act, the junta members tactfully voted their own retirement from active service. In his first official act, Lleras Camargo decorated all five with the Cross of Boyacá, Colombia's highest medal.

VIRGIN ISLANDS

Native Governor

For the Virgin Islands, one of the finest (132 sq. mi.) of U.S. territories, President Eisenhower last week nominated a new Governor and fellow Republican, John David Merwin. He is the youngest (30) and the first native-born islander of the eight civil Governors named since the U.S. bought the Virgins from Denmark in 1917 for \$25 million.

Lawyer Merwin comes from one of the four so-called "royal families" of St. Croix, largest of the islands. His great-great-grandfather on the maternal side migrated from Ireland in the early 1800s; his paternal grandfather was a Connecticut



LLERAS & GÓMEZ
Time for democracy.

Yankee who arrived in 1884. When John David was born in the family mansion, the Merwins owned one-sixth of St. Croix's 32,000 acres. Merwin had a cosmopolitan upbringing: grammar schooling in the British colony of Antigua; international law, briefly, at the University of Lausanne, Switzerland; Spanish at the University of Puerto Rico; a degree in economics at Yale (1931); and, after World War II service as an artillery captain (Bronze Star, *Croix de guerre* with silver stars), another degree, in law, at George Washington University (1938). Merwin went back to the islands to practice, left again for active duty in the Korean war.

With a predominantly (85%) Negro population, the Virgin Islands is race con-

scious; it has had three Negro Governors since 1946. But being white did not handicap Merwin; in 1954 he won to the Virgin Islands Senate with the largest popular vote given a Senator-at-large. By last December he took the No. 2 post in the administration as Government Secretary, showed a steady hand at finance, revamped the tax program and the Alcohol Control Board. Seven weeks ago, when Atlanta-born Negro Walter A. Gordon stepped out of the governorship after two years, eight months and into a \$22,500-a-year federal judgeship, Merwin replaced him as acting Governor. His confirmation by the U.S. Senate to the \$19,000-a-year post seems certain.

ARGENTINA

Peronista Comeback

The Argentine Senate, whose every seat is held by President Arturo Frondizi's Intransigent Radicals, rubber-stamped the President's sweeping labor code one day last week, and the way was left clear for followers of ex-Dictator Juan Perón to recapture their old stronghold of power, the 3,000,000-member General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.). Despite strong opposition from business groups, the Roman Catholic Church and most of the press, another of Frondizi's vote-getting promises to the Peronistas was thus made good.

The bill, rammed through the Chamber of Deputies two weeks earlier by the government's two-thirds majority, is admirably democratic in form. It requires Frondizi to name government administrators, who must hold free elections of officers in each of the C.G.T.'s 138 member unions within 60 days. Unions recognized by the Labor Ministry will get tax exemptions, exclusive bargaining rights in their fields and compulsory checkoff of dues. Charges of unfair labor practices will be ruled on by a government board.

But so much democracy, in the practical terms of the moment, means so much Peronism. In the days of the dictatorship, the C.G.T. was run from top to bottom by Peronistas, and the rank and file still remember the lavish raises and feather-bedding privileges that the Peronista leaders won. Even during the days of the provisional military regime that preceded Frondizi, the Peronistas held on to control of many unions. They now boss 90, including the powerful meat packers, street-car workers and textile workers. In the new elections they will probably take over most of the 26 unions currently bossed by anti-Peronistas and the 22 unions now run by Communists or Socialists.

With control of the C.G.T.'s national machinery and most of the member unions, Peronism will have its old mass organization intact. But Frondizi has shown no intention of letting Perón himself return to Argentina. In his delicate, dangerous balancing act, the left-of-center President has allowed Peronism to rebuild itself as a counterweight to the conservative army and business elements. Now he must endure the kind of greedy heckling at which Peronistas excel.



JOHN DAVID MERWIN
Time for a home-grown boy.

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HE WHO OBTAINS
HAS LITTLE
HE WHO SCATTERS
HAS MUCH

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PEOPLE



SCARI DANCE IN JAVA
Bid from the President.

While rubbernecking in Manhattan in his billowy red robes of office and a three-cornered black hat, the Lord Mayor of Bristol, England, Fitzroy Chamberlain, dropped an unlikely footnote to history. Historians said he was hopelessly unjust in attributing the name America to Italian Mapmaker and Merchant **Américo Vespucci** (1451-1512). The eponym in truth: a fine English had named Richard Amerycke, in the Bristol view of history, Amerycke, a customs collector, saw to it that Italian Explorer **John Cabot**, who discovered Cape Breton Island in 1497 and claimed it for the British crown, received a pension from King Henry VII. A grateful Cabot then named the conquest for his benefactor. Said the Lord Mayor, straight-faced: "Everyone in Bristol has always known it."

Author **Ernest Hemingway** was bulldozed. *Esquire* magazine angered him by proposing to reprint three Hemingway stories about the Spanish civil war without his O.K. Then his own Manhattan lawyer added to Papa's fury by implying in court that the Old Man of the Plea did not want the stories in print because they favored the Red-backed Spanish Loyalists. Rumbled Papa: "I gave him hell for it. I have not changed my attitude about the Spanish civil war. I was for the Loyalists, and I still feel that way about the Loyalists." Actually, explained Hemingway, the stories simply weren't good enough. *Esquire* readily settled for one story and the tide of publicity.

Indonesia's neutralist President **Sukarno**, who only last May was blustering that "all I have to do is wink" to get Communist aid, put on a broad smile and invited U.S. Ambassador **Howard P. Jones** to a garden party in the President's

countryside palace in Java. Partners in a loose-limbed, international version of the native scari dance: Jones and Brenda Pavlic, wife of the Yugoslav ambassador. Sukarno and Mrs. James C. Baird Jr., wife of the ICA Director for Indonesia.

From the family closet of Republican Attorney General **William Pierce Rogers** came a political skeleton: daughter Dale, 21, a senior at Cornell University. Is a registered Democrat. Said her mother, in a ragged defense: "When politics comes up at home, she is pretty much out of it."

In keeping with an old family custom, a cousin of Jordan's young **King Hussein** gratefully took the helping hand of the British government last week. On dole in Scunthorpe, England, after being laid off from his \$34-a-week job in a steel mill, was Hussein Mohammed Sagafi, 29, who nevertheless decided not to go home again: "My family would give me money if I returned to the Middle East, but I prefer the Western way of life—to be able to take my wife to a dance if I like."

Heedless of acres of bikini-clad flesh, Riviera tourists paid boatmen \$10 a head to ride from Monte Carlo to nearby Cap d'Al. The lure: a possible chance of spying vacationing **Sir Winston Churchill** propped up on the shore in shorts, wide-brimmed straw hat, open-necked shirt and cigar.

Lusty Beat-Generation Novelist **Jack (On the Road) Kerouac**, who writes as if the punctuation keys were filed from his typewriter, let readers of the avant-garde *Evergreen Review* in on how he does it. His methods for "spontaneous prose": "No periods separating sentence structures already arbitrarily riddled by

false colons and timid usually needless commas—but the vigorous spave dash separating rhetorical breathing (as jazz musicians drawing breath between out-blown phrases). No pause to think of proper word but the infantile pileup of scatological buildup words till satisfaction is gained. If possible write "without consciousness" in semi-trance."

Shaping up for the new TV season, frog-voiced **Arthur Godfrey**, with familiar humility, let three oldtime helpers out of the pond. No longer little Godfreys: easygoing Singer **Janette Davis**, since 1956 producer of Arthur's low-rated *Talent Scouts* show; her husband, Frank Musiello, associate producer of the same program; Robert Bleyer, director of both *Talent Scouts* and Godfrey's morning two-hour TV sales pitch.

A specialist in hurling the discus a country mile (168 ft. 8½ in. in 1952 Olympics), burly Schoolteacher **Nina Ponomareva**, 20, was herself hurled—right off the U.S.S.R. track and field team. Bounced with her, for "egotistical and uncomradely conduct," was another chunky champ, Shot Putter **Galina Zyhina**. For Nina, disgrace was nothing new: visiting London for a track meet in 1956, she raised hackles and eyebrows by walking out of a shop with five filched hats under her arm, later coughed up \$8.82 in court costs to get free of stern British law.

First gift announced by the Rockefeller-endowed Philippine foundation named for the late President **Ramon Magasaysay**: \$10,000 to India's gentle, bearded **Vinoba Bhave** (TIME, May 11, 1953), for community leadership. A dharti-clad disciple of **Mohandas Gandhi**, Ascetic Bhave seven years ago set out walking the land to talk landowners into giving 50 million acres free to landless families, so far has



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Imperial Hotels



CHICAGO THE SHERMAN
THE HOTELS AMBASSADOR

CANADA THE LORD SIMCOE, IN TORONTO
THE LORD ELGIN, IN OTTAWA

collected some 7,000,000 acres, 2,500 entire villages. Said the citation: "He has sought nothing for himself, least of all recognition of his achievements, and has won the highest respect of his countrymen."

In a mood somewhat short of ecstasy, Cinematress **Hedy Lamarr**, 44, and five times wed, departed (legal separation) from her latest, Houston Oilman W. Howard Lee, fiftyish. For keeping her distance, Hedy will get \$100,000 a year, an additional \$105,000 in a lump sum. "I feel sure Howard and I will never divorce," she sighed. "Basically, we are very fond of each other."

At 84, former President **Herbert Hoover** sat down in his "comfortable monastery," a 31st-floor apartment at Manhattan's Waldorf Towers, tallied up the work of another twelvemonth in retirement. The strenuous score: 30 speeches delivered, 55,952 letters answered, 22,952 miles traveled by car and air (including a trip to the Brussels Fair), one hefty book (*The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson*) published. Working ten to twelve hours daily seven days a week, backed up by four busy secretaries and a research assistant, Hoover even mixed business with a favorite recreation, trolling for the bait-shy Florida bonefish. "You have time between bites," he explained, "to read Government documents." Presumably, the ex-President's year would have been busier yet—if he had not squandered two weeks abed after a gall bladder operation.

Working in the Connecticut woods on a new play, Author **Arthur (The Crucible) Miller** reached what may be the last act of a personal drama. By a 9-0 decision, a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals chucked out his 1957 contempt-of-Congress conviction (sentence: 30 days in jail, suspended, \$500 fine) for refusing to tell the Un-American Activities Committee the names of Communist writers he knew in 1947. Grounds for the reversal: Miller was not told clearly by the committee that refusal to give the names constituted contempt. Said Miller: "My only regret is that I was put through so much trouble in order to end up where I started—namely, a free American citizen." Cooed his wife, **Marilyn Monroe**: "Simply wonderful."

For "meritorious service in developing Soviet art," the U.S.S.R. awarded the Order of Lenin to wiry Choreographer **Igor Moiseyev**, director of the whirling, high-jumping folk-dance troupe that wowed U.S. audiences on its coast-to-coast tour last spring.

Cajoled from his hideaway in Flat Rock, N.C. for a benefit honoring a nearby little-theater group, Poet **Carl Sandburg**, 50, lofted a missile seemingly aimed at San Francisco's Latin Quarter and Manhattan's MacDougal Street: "Poets ain't doin' no good. They are cursed by obfuscators. They read their poems to each other. They cite each other."

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RELIGION

Schism in China

"Eternity was every day: Hell began at five in the morning." So Jesuit Thomas Phillips describes his life in a Chinese Communist jail. In a new book, *I Met a Traveler* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy: \$3.50), fellow Jesuit Kurt Becker describes how Father Phillips, former rector of Shanghai's Church of Christ the King, spent three years (1953-56) in Shanghai cells, for the most part squatting in one position all day, forbidden to speak a word. By refusing to defend himself against any charge ("I know that I am here only because I am a Catholic priest, sir"), he finally thwarted his jailors' attempts to make him "confess."

The techniques and tortures of brainwashing are only one aspect of the Communists' unremitting war upon the Roman Catholic Church in China. Each week Rome learns new details of the Reds' increasingly successful drive, not to suppress but to capture the church in what is fast becoming one of the major schisms in Catholic history.

Weekly Torture. In charge of the program is a layman named Ho Chang-hsiang, officially in charge of the government's Department for Religious Affairs.

Ho began by ferreting out a few priests willing to collaborate as a step to higher rank, installed them in key posts. "Patriotic Priest" Chang Shih-liang, for one, has run the Shanghai diocese since the jailing of Shanghai's Bishop Kung Pin-mei in 1955, goes about dressed in full

bishop's regalia, including mitre. Ho's most recent refinement is to force valid bishops to consecrate Communist bishops, thereby attempting to maintain Roman Catholic validity. With liturgically correct bootleg rites, he has created ten "progressive" bishops, is planning consecrations for Nanking, Suchow and Hangchow, will soon appoint new bishops for Canton and Shanghai. When Bishop Li Tao-nan of Puichi was first ordered to consecrate bishops, he refused. But after two weeks of torture, he surrendered. Last April he officiated at the consecration of Tung Kwang-ching of Hankow and Yuan Wen-hua of Wuchang.

Such consecrations are valid because by definition a bishop has the power to create other bishops—a power which, in Catholic doctrine, is transmitted in unbroken line from the apostles themselves. But no bishop may exert jurisdiction over a diocese without specific appointment from Rome. China's new "progressive" bishops are therefore subject to excommunication.

Daily Lesson. So far, Rome's response has been gentle. Having no lines of communication with its captive flock in China, Vatican officials explain the church cannot distinguish clearly between Chinese priests forced to collaborate under extreme duress and those who merely succumb to ambition.

Today, at least half the remaining 3,000-odd Chinese priests are in prison or are undergoing three daily two-hour "indoctrinations" on the advantages of

joining the Patriotic Association. "We are groping in the darkness," wrote one of them in a letter smuggled from Shanghai to Hong Kong. The "tumultuous" Red preaching sessions "are enough to drive one mad," he added. "The director is always present. He pounds the table, shouts, yells and screams at the stalling tactics of the assembled priests. You can't imagine how these rabid talkers force you to think, concede, admit, and at last get you on their side...."

"They pretend not to force or impose on us. They insist, again and again, breaking us down. One is finally prepared to say: 'Well, have it your own way. But they won't accept that. They want us to concede as though we proposed it to submit as we would to our own self-imposed directives. What are we to do? Everyone well realizes that little by little, outward resistance will be weakened, that eventually, only one's innermost, secret adherence to faith will be possible.'"

Pageant of the Tablets

The hill called Cumorah, situated near Palmyra, N.Y. (22 miles southeast of Rochester), is a holy place to the 1,500,000 members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. For three nights last week, the faithful and the curious gathered there in record numbers—some 15,000 in all—for the 17th Hill Cumorah Pageant, which depicts in dramatic terms the legendary origins of the Mormon faith.

These origins are enacted in 13 major scenes by 325 volunteer actors. Scene 1 shows Jesus telling of his "other sheep," the Mormons. In 600 B.C., they believe, a prophet called Lehi was told by God to leave Jerusalem. He took his family to the American continent. Here the house of Lehi split into two warring nations, the good, God-fearing Nephites, begotten of white children, and the bad, idolatrous Lamanites, whose children God punished with a red skin—hence the American Indians.

Climactic Scene. Most familiar scene to non-Mormons was Christ's crucifixion—after which, according to the Mormons, he came to America and organized his true Christian church among the Nephites (Scene XIII), who flourished for centuries before falling into wicked ways themselves and being destroyed in battle by the Lamanites. Mormon was a Nephite prophet who set down this history and God's will for the future upon golden tablets and entrusted them to his son Moroni, who buried them in the Hill Cumorah.

Climactic scene of the pageant was Moroni's appearance, in the form of an angel, to Joseph Smith, 17-year-old son of an upstate farmer, which Smith reported in 1823. Moroni, he said, told him about the tablets and informed him that he had been appointed by God to lead the world back to the true church. Joseph translated the tablets (said to be about eight inches square and covered with fine writing in "reformed Egyptian") with the aid of a pair of spiritual spectacles buried



CONSECRATION OF "PROGRESSIVE" BISHOPS IN WUHAN
Through bootleg rites, Catholic validity?

Estefano



MORMON ACTORS AS MORONI & SMITH
Through special spectacles, the word.

with them, the spectacles consisted of two stones called Urim and Thummim set in silver bows. No one but Joseph ever actually saw the golden tablets—he explained that it was instant death for anyone else to see them, and he kept them covered with a cloth or locked in a box whose hiding place he changed frequently. He deciphered them behind a screen, from which he dictated the Book of Mormon.

Professional Polish. The 128 years since Founder Smith formally organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have witnessed a triumphant march of Mormonism through bloody persecutions (Smith himself was killed by a mob in Carthage, Ill.) to a present pinnacle of prosperity and respectable good will. Today the Mormons, with headquarters in Salt Lake City, own canneries insurance companies, banks, number among their ruling Twelve Apostles a U.S. Cabinet officer (Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson). Members in good standing donate a tenth of their incomes to the church. Five thousand missionaries from the U.S. and 1,700 native missionaries are hard at work and there are Mormons in every country of the world.

When they stage a show, such as last week's Hill Cumorah Pageant, it is put together with the highest professional polish and the latest technical equipment. Dr. Harold I. Hanson, chairman of the speech and drama department at Brigham Young University, who organized the first pageant in 1937, has been sharpening up elaborate sound and lighting cues ever since. Example: The effect of a vision in one of last week's Biblical scenes was produced by a curtain of water shooting up from a fountain, while colored lights glistened on the spray with split-second timing. Also at work on Hill Cumorah last week: five major and 20 secondary stages; a \$5,000 sound system; and a ton of electrical wiring.

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ART



UNDER A TENT IN PROVINCETOWN: ART IN BLACK TIE AND SHORTS

Art Town, 1958

This summer more tourists than ever before are jamming the narrow, sloping streets of sun-bleached, wind-bathed Provincetown, Mass. (pop. 3,600), on the tip of Cape Cod's hook. They shuffle barefooted and clop-clop in Japanese sandals; they peer at bronzed fishermen and pack swank souvenir shops; they fill the galleries, buy works of art. A town that has attracted art devotees for more than half a century, Provincetown has in 1958 become the U.S.'s undisputed summer art capital. The reasons: a new arts festival and a new art museum—both resulting from the aurous determination of Multimillionaire Walter P. Chrysler Jr., 47.

Masters in a Church. "I used to come to the Cape as a kid," says Chrysler. "and I always think of the Cape when I think of vacation." Last April he bought the former Provincetown Methodist Church for \$40,000, had it remodeled into a fine small museum, installed a small part of his 4,000-work collection of masters. Then he startled easygoing Cape Codders by decreeing black tie the style at his lavish parties.¹⁰ He sparked the move to stage a nationwide art festival, smooth-talked some 300 year-round residents into contributing their time and effort free "for the good of Provincetown." He acts as second ticket-taker at his museum (and makes the volunteer workers pay the going \$1.50 for the catalogue), while his wife Jean handles lunch-relief shifts at the festival gates. Some Provincetowners have found Chrysler's headlong pursuit of

culture distasteful, but they appreciate "the artistic climate created" by his enterprise.

Well lit and well designed, the new Chrysler Art Museum features 76 oils and 12 sculptures, ranging from Hieronymus Bosch to Picasso. Valued at \$1,700,000, the exhibition is but a fraction of Chrysler's total collection ("I began buying at 14, out of my allowance"), includes some topnotch masterpieces (Tintoretto's *Flora*, Titian's *Portrait of the Admiral Vincenzo Capello*, Soutine's *Valet de Chambre*), as well as some not-so-great works by great masters (Renoir's *Pheasant*, Derain's Renaissance-style *Portrait of Lady Adby*), which have good names if not topmost quality.

Moderns in Tents. A few blocks away, in the shadow of the Pilgrim Monument marking the arrival of the *Mayflower* 36 days before it went on to Plymouth, seven green-hued, platoon-size tents, surrounded by the flags of 48 states and the District of Columbia (at least one work comes from each), make up the exhibition hall

for the "Provincetown Arts Festival—American Art of Our Time." Inside the tents, on long, wooden frame rows crowded too close for proper viewing, 400 paintings are hung alphabetically, a few inches apart. Badly lit, they nevertheless attract some 500 viewers a day, including a fair number of collectors who have already bought 53. The 400 were culled from 10,000 entries submitted to eight regional centers across the nation, then assembled at the Chrysler Museum for a final, prize-awarding judgment.

The winners (see color page), unanimously chosen by a three-man jury: * first prize (\$1,500), Manhattan Abstractionist John Ferren, 52, for his *The Birchess*; second (\$750), Social Realist Semyon Shimin, 54, for his *Discussion Groups—Rome*, sketched in Rome during the 1956 elections but finished in Manhattan; and third (\$250), Milton Goldring, 40, also a New Yorker, for his *Shadow and Substance*. The predominant tone of the festival is abstract expressionist, and imitative of the leaders of that movement.

The impact of the festival and the museum has been widespread. Last week, for the first time in its 80-year history, Provincetown's weekly *Advocate* went to 16 pages. More artists have taken up residence: Milton Avery, John Hulthberg, Mark Rothko have made Provincetown their summer home. New galleries are selling paintings faster than in Manhattan. More than just good business, 1958 has brought sparkling new life to the old culture of Provincetown.

American Realism Abroad

The exhibitions of U.S. abstract expressionist paintings on view at the Brussels World's Fair (TIME, June 16) and making the rounds of major European cities as "The New American Painting" show (TIME, Aug. 4), have aroused some abstruse boos and a great deal of hullabaloo. Tourists, critics, even State Department officials have suggested that these works give a one-sided—and distorted—glance at the U.S. world of art. This week a European show of American paintings is stressing another side—realism.

On loan from Manhattan's Whitney Museum, 22 realistic paintings (among them: works by Edward Hopper, John Sloan, Maurice Sterne, Reginald Marsh, Charles Sheeler) are on view in the ancient French Riviera chateau fortress—La Napoule. Sponsored by the La Napoule Art Foundation—Henry Clews Memorial—the show, titled "American Realism in the Twentieth Century," is aimed at bringing Europe "another page of American art history." Said one U.S. cultural attaché in France: "At last we have something show Europeans besides abstract blotch and curlicues."

© Charles E. Buckley, director of Manchester N.H.'s Currier Art Gallery; John P. Condit, director of the Fox Art Museum; Andrew Ritchie, director of the Yale University Art Gallery.



WALTER P. CHRYSLER JR.

¹⁰ Now, for the first time, Provincetown has a shop that rents formal wear.

WALTER P. CHRYSLER JR.



GOLDRING'S "SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE"

FERREN'S "THE BIRCHES"

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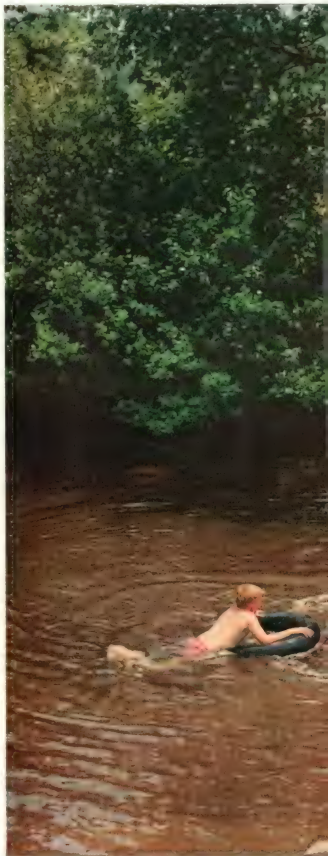
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SPORT

Miracle Mile

"Did you hear? Ron Delany ran the mile in 3:57.5."
"You don't say."
"Yes—he finished third."

—Conversation in a Dublin bar

Last week all Dublin was talking of the most incredible mile race ever run, and of the lanky, 20-year-old Australian who won it. There was no longer any doubt that Herb Elliott was the greatest miler of all time.

The night was cool and windless as the runners lined up in Dublin's new Santry Stadium. Besides Elliott and Ireland's Hero Delany, the field included New Zealand Schoolteacher Murray Halberg, two other Australians: Merv Lincoln and Albert Thomas, a stubby little (5 ft. 5 in.) clerk from Sydney.

Thomas got off in front, set a killing pace for the quarter (56 sec.) and the half (1:58). Then Lincoln and Elliott surged past him, battled for the lead through the third quarter. But as the bell clanged for the final lap, Elliott went into high gear. His muscular legs churning, he left the field behind with an astounding 55.5-sec. final quarter. As 20,000 fans shrieked approval, Elliott finished 13 yds. in front in an unbelievable 3:54.5, far under the 3:58 listed record of Australia's John Landy. Lincoln was second in 3:55.9. Delany third in 3:57.5. Halberg fourth in the same time. Even Thomas, finishing fifth, had a clocking of 3:58.6. Never before had five runners broken four minutes in the same race. Even rivals were awed

by Elliott's achievement. Cracked Delany: "I don't know how you could beat the guy unless you tied his legs."

But the next day little Albert Thomas proved it could be done—provided the distance was not the mile. In the two-mile run, Thomas let Elliott set the pace, then sped past him at the 1½-mile mark to win going away in 8:32 for a new world's record. Only a month before, the unheralded Thomas had set another world's record over the brand-new Santry track when he ran three miles in 13:10.8. Said he happily: "Santry must be the fastest track in the world."

Caution Pays Off

The most successful bridge players are neither the relentlessly bold nor the incorrigibly careful, but those who know, through a fine combination of card sense, experience and clear thinking when to be bold and when to be cautious. Old Pro Charles Goren, apostle of point-count bidding, has made many a bold thrust over the years, but in the American Contract Bridge League's yearly Life Masters Pair tournament at Bal Harbour, Fla. last week, he showed that caution sometimes pays off, too.

During their 10 years as professional partners, Charlie Goren, 57, and Helen Sobel, 48, have copped just about every top bridge trophy at one time or another. Back in 1942 they took the Life Masters cup, but it has eluded them ever since. Last week, despite a brisk start, they languished in ninth place at the end of the third round (each round consists of 26 deals). On the fourth and final round, they encountered this deal (North-South vulnerable).

NORTH
♦ 9 8 7 3 2
♥ A Q 6 4
♠ 10 6 5 3
♣

WEST (Goren)
♦ Q 10
♥ K 10
♠ A 8 2
♣ A Q 10 6 4 3

EAST (Sobel)
♥ J 7 5 2
♦ K 9 7 4
♣ J 9 8 7 2

SOUTH (DEALER)
♦ A K J 6 5 4
♥ 9 8 5
♦ Q J
♣ K 5

The bidding went:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	2 ♠	4 ♠	3 ♠
pass	pass	5 ♠	pass
double	pass		
pass	pass		

Coming after Goren's pass, Mrs. Sobel's five-club bid was bold, though it might possibly have been made (finesse South's king of clubs, discard West's losing diamond on the jack of hearts). The payoff decision was Goren's final pass. At the other tables West doubled the five-spade bid—naturally enough, since West held 15 of the deck's 40 high-card points (ac-

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GOLFERS PALMER, VENTURI, CASPER
Three for the money.

Associated Press

cording to the Goren system of counting four for an ace, three for a king, two for a queen, one for a jack). But Goren, on the safe-side assumption that either North or South was void in clubs ("I had a strong suspicion my ace of clubs would not live,"), refrained from doubling. Upshot: South made five spades, missing West's king of hearts and discarding a heart on North's ten of diamonds.

In tournaments a pair's score on each deal depends on how the partnership fares in comparison with rival pairs playing identical hands at the other tables. On this particular deal because Goren refrained from doubling, Goren-Sobel gained an extra eleven match points. Those eleven were decisive; Goren-Sobel took the gold cup by the final tooth-skin margin of six points. Said Goren, summing up the triumph: "We played precision bridge—being neither reckless nor timid."

The Young Turks

Ken Venturi tapped his ball firmly. Unerringly it rolled across the green, plunked into the cup as it, away. A roar went up from the gallery at the Glencairn Country Club in suburban Chicago. The putt gave Venturi a birdie 3 for the 64th hole, and an eventual one-stroke victory in the Chicago Open, pocketing \$6,000 in prize money. Venturi added another chapter to golf's big story of 1958: the coming of age of a new group of young golfers who promise to dominate the game for years to come.

Gone from the list of leading money winners are the grand old tournament veterans—Sam Snead, 44, Ben Hogan, 46, Jimmy Demaret, 48, Lloyd Mangrum, 44, Byron Nelson, 46, Cary Middlecott, 47. Still time golfers: they now find it easier to make big money on their reputations. They earn up to \$100,000 a year endorsing a manufacturer's golf clubs and balls, drawing royalties on every club sold bearing their name, holding down cushy jobs at swank country clubs, where they charge up to \$50 a lesson. For a further fee, they sing the praises of cigarettes, fishing tackle and sport clothes. Playing only in occasional major events, the old pros find it hard to keep their game sharp enough for tournament competition.

New Generation. The golf circuit belongs today to the younger men who have the stamina and ability to play in pressure-packed tournaments week after week ten months of the year. With the 1958 tour two-thirds complete, three of golf's Young Turks hold a long lead in the earnings list. Arnold Palmer, 28, of Latrobe, Pa., (\$40,478), Bill Casper, 27, of Chula Vista, Calif., (\$38,352), and Venturi, 27, of San Francisco (\$37,044). Palmer has finished in the top ten in 13 of 24 tournaments. Casper in twelve of 23. Venturi in 14 of 24. Palmer and Casper have won three tournaments each. Venturi four.

Each has a different strong point to his game. Handsome, thin-lipped Arnold Palmer is one of the game's longest drivers. Brash, freckled Ken Venturi is without peer on long irons. Chubby affable Bill Casper has the steadiest short game on the tour. There are weaknesses, too. Palmer is a streak player ("It seems I was always blowing up just when I thought my game was under control"). Both he and Venturi are subject to long sieges of putting miseries. Casper tends to scatter his long shots and has a predilection for one bad round in too many tournaments: at Chicago he carded a horrible 50 in the first round, came back with two 63s and a 67 to finish a respectable seventh. But overall, these three are far more consistent than the hot-and-cold young pros who make up the bulk of the touring company.

Play to Win. Venturi, who has won \$60,000 in just 21 months as a professional, is the best bet of all for the future. A gritty perfectionist of the Hogan stripe, he practices endless hours to correct his flaws. The first time that he finished out of the money, Ken went back to his hotel, practice-putted in his room for four hours, came back with twelve straight rounds under 80, won two tournaments. "There are basically two kinds of players," he says, "those who play to win and those who play to finish in the money. The man who plays to finish in the money will seldom win a tournament, but the man who plays to win will probably finish in the money." Playing to win, Venturi has missed the money only three times in his career as a professional.



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SHOW BUSINESS



JACK PAAR WITH GENEVIEVE & CLIFF ARQUETTE

Tommy Weizen

Late-Night Affair

(See Cover)

His mother and Billy Graham think he should have been a minister. He himself thinks perhaps he should have tried to be a missionary, like Albert Schweitzer. Some of television's unseen but much-heard word merchants think he would have made a fine gag writer. Walter Winchell plainly thinks he should have been put into an ablative nose cone on a one-way rocket trip to the moon. Sponsors of late movies think he should have stayed in daytime television, and all across the land, people who like to go to sleep early think he should have stood in bed—and given them a chance to get to bed too.

But about 3,000,000 fans—along with happy NBC executives, satisfied advertisers and fellow entertainers whom his show helped to success—think that Jack Paar should be precisely what he is: a first-rate, refreshingly different TV performer who in a single year has come out of nowhere and made a huge hit of a special kind of entertainment. What Paar brings into American living rooms five nights a week is both more and less than a comedy, variety or chatter show—it is a special show business blend that Paartians consider uniquely satisfying.

He is one of a whole new class of TV-age entertainers—the just-talkers. But his appeal has little in common with Steve Allen's brash sidewalk zaniness or Arthur Godfrey's somnolent saloon drone. When Paar appears on screen, there is an odd, hesitant hitch to his stride. For a split self-effacing second he is a late arrival, worried that he has blundered into the wrong party. His shy smile—he has developed one of the shiest smiles in the business—seems to ask a question: "Is this applause for me?" Then he remembers: he is really the host. Almost diffidently he pulls up a chair. What Paar calls his "cute little Presbyterian face" beams puckishly. With his voice wavering between a whisper and a sigh, he begins to engage his guests in quiet conversation.

He is surrounded by a band, singers, guest comedians, skits. But what really gives the Paar show its shape is the L formed by a scarred desk and a well-worn couch. Behind the desk, Jack is barricaded; the couch supports a "panel" of regular or irregular conversationalists. Says Paar: "The show is nothing. Just me and people talking. Historic naturalness. We don't act, we just defend ourselves."

Most of the time, Paar is merely a good listener with a knack of asking the right questions. He may be as fast on the ad-lib



WITH ELSA

draw as the next gag-toting desperado, but again and again he lets himself be "topped." He is all the world's straight man. And yet, Paar can hit. A caustic remark, a misconstrued question, a real or fancied attack in or out of the studio can provoke stinging repartee. When Winchell attacked him for a misstatement made by Elsa Maxwell on the show, Paar counter-punched fiercely, guessed—on the air—that Winchell's "high hysterical voice" results from his "too-tight underwear." Often, Paar punches with less provocation—massive retaliation, as one of his former writers puts it—for no act of aggression. When Perfectionist Paar berates stagehands ("the tippytoe squad") for being slow, his writers for providing dull jokes, the studio audience for not laughing, it is all done in fun—but there is a serious, waspish edge in the laughter.

The same element of unpredictability—the suggestion that a mild explosive has been put into the prominently displayed tumblers of Sponsor Lipton's tea—derives from the widespread belief that Paar permits off-color humor. On the whole the charge is unjust. The show's most celebrated blue note was struck while Paar was on vacation and Stand-In Jonathan Winters allowed Anthropologist Ashley Montague to talk about how lack of breast feeding gives American males a bosom fixation, Jack says he would never have permitted it ("After breast feeding, there's just no place to go"). But Paar does occasionally tarry near the brink of the blue, and this brinkmanship is another reason why the Paar show provokes the

PIANIST JOSE MELIS

So Philadelphia



PAAR PLAYING NAPOLEON

Tommy Weizen



WITH WRITER JACK DOUGLAS

UPI





WITH ZSA ZSA



WITH DODY GOODMAN



STAND-IN JONATHAN WINTERS

implicit question: "What's going to happen next?"—and why the show is a hit.

The Big Gamble. When asked about Jack Paar, the late Fred Allen once said: "Oh, you mean the young man who had the meteoric disappearance." A year ago the description still fitted Paar, sometime minor movie actor and perennial radio-TV summer replacement. He had done well with a radio program and a daytime television show of his own, but never well enough to make it big. One TV executive dismissed him as strictly a "pipe and slipper type." What happened next is told by NBC's Board Chairman Robert Sarnoff: "We faced a critical decision. The *American After Dark* version of our *Tonight* show was a shambles. Sponsors were shunning the program. Some stations were defecting from the NBC late-night line-up in favor of old Hollywood movies. We were under heavy pressure to give up late-night live programming. After much soul searching we staked everything on an amiable young man named Jack Paar—and never has a network program gamble paid off more handsomely."

As it moved into its second year last week, the show had chalked up five industry awards and a higher rating than successful Steve Allen several years ago in the same time slot. At a time when live shows are fading fast from every channel, the Paar show is seen over a record 112 stations and has collected as many as 35 sponsors, ranging from Minipoo shampoo to Coraga denture fastener. One measure of the show's import is the loyalty of most of the guests: they are paid only

"scale" (\$320 per appearance), but most of them love the show for its fun—and for the publicity.

Today it is already fashionable to forget how few people gave the show a chance to survive at all with a tough TV audience—night people already addicted to six-gun cowpokes or to the time-defying charms of late movies, with their youthful Gables and ageless Garbos. Could the All-American boy with the dimpled chin and the dinky toupee move the merchandise against such competition? At first NBC bigwigs were talking about a well-integrated variety show. Says Paar: "A television executive doesn't know what he wants to do, but he can put it on paper. I let them all talk and write memos and I secretly made plans."

The Characters. Paar's plans consisted mostly of organized planlessness. During the past year Jack has tantalized a tame lion with doses of catnip, tangled with a pickpocket named Dominique, who lifted his wallet, belt and wrist watch, sweated through a five falls with a professional wrestler named Killer Kowalski. He has worn funny hats, taken off his pants, climbed up the studio walls. But always, the high points were provided by the talkers—guided or goaded, driven or drawn out by Jack.

There was Dody Goodman, corn-fed eld and professional birdbrain, whose irrelevance and irreverence were fun until Paar got rid of her in an unseemly family squabble (TIME, March 24). Elsa Maxwell appeared for weekly off-with-their-heads chats, chopped at so many well-

known necks (including Winchell's, Presley's, Princess Grace's) that Jack was only half kidding when he rolled his eyes and groaned: "Call the lawyers." For a few frenetic nights, Zsa Zsa Gabor leaned over her cleavage and rattled her host into some now-famous fluffs. "It will cut him!" she squealed, in the middle of his Norelco razor pitch. "It won't cut anything!" roared Jack, who could have happily cut off Zsa Zsa's blonde stresses when he realized what he had said.

Gradually a corporal's guard of regulars formed, including gifted Pianist José Melis, suave Announcer Hugh Downs and Singer Betty Johnson, who all served as Paar's foils. The regulars became as familiar as comic-strip characters. Leading characters at present: Genevieve, French singer with a haphazard haircut and accent to match, and an oldtime comedian named Cliff Arquette, with drooping pants and rustic repartee. Despite her sophisticated air, it is naively charming Genevieve who represents innocence on the show and Cliff, despite his cornball appearance, whose trigger-quick ad libs speak for sophistication. But the biggest character remains Jack Paar—and he represents neither innocence nor sophistication, but something in between.

Paar claims that he is just being himself

WITH KILLER KOWALSKI

Tommy Walker

WITH ANNOUNCER HUGH DOWNS

SINGER BETTY JOHNSON



on the show, and to a very large extent he is. Unlike an actor, he cannot take refuge behind a script or a false beard: he must convince the audience that he is exposing his true face. The result is that the traits of the "real" Paar are very like those of the TV Paar—the difference being that off-screen they loom much bigger. Says he: "It is not true that my personality is split. It is filled. On the air all I do is hold back. If I gave too much of myself on the show, it would be too much for the cable." If the on-screen Paar can be kind and sentimental, the off-screen Paar often weeps like a baby. If the public Paar can be waspish and oddly defensive, the private Paar often seems like a hunted and inordinately suspicious man.

As he sees it, the soft green leaf may well be a nettle in disguise, and danger lurks on all sides. It is hard to trust people—"If they slap me on the back, maybe the next time they slap me they'll have a knife." On the other hand, so few people are really grateful to him: "It's not that I need credit. But somewhere along the line the dog should be patted on the head." If some neighborhood toughs honk their horns outside his house to annoy him, he speaks of being "hounded by degenerates."

This feeling of being hunted may be explained by past failures, by the very real back-stabbing that goes on in show business, and by the pressure of Paar's schedule—for in his life, almost every night is opening night. Each show is preceded by a private warmup, ranging from gnawing anxiety to panic. During the hours of preparation—which must end in laughter or failure—Paar is probably doing his hardest work. At noon on a recent, typical pre-show day, Jack was prowling his burn-red twelve-room house in suburban Bronxville, N.Y. His breakfast had been spoiled by an unfriendly newspaper comment on the previous night's show; now he was worried about the coming performance.

What to do? He calls Assistant Producer Monty Morgan at his Manhattan office. "It looks pretty nothing tonight," Jack complains. "The red flag is up. We're in trouble, we're really in trouble. . ."

2:05 p.m. Glumly Jack selects a Cuban cigar from his humidor. He is afraid to smoke cigars in public lest he look like a "wise guy." Pipes too have been forced into the privacy of his home since Marlboro cigarettes became one of the show's sponsors. Wandering aimlessly once more, like a man in search of work, Jack walks into the living room and picks up a newspaper. "What the hell can I say about the new women's helmets?" he asks sadly. "I've already advised them to have their knees lowered."

2:50 p.m. He walks out to the swimming pool behind the house and seems surprised to discover that his nine-year-old daughter Randy is off swimming at the country club. "I never played with other kids. Most of the time Randy would rather sit and daydream like I do."

4:25 p.m. A call from an NBC attorney informs Jack that as a bonus for signing his new contract (which runs for two

more years), he gets six weeks of vacation with pay. Now his salary comes to \$2,750 a week, plus a percentage of the income from commercials, but he has no time for pleasure. "I don't know what in hell we're going to do tonight," he moans.

4:45 p.m. Still groaning about the "absolute lack of material" for the night's show, Jack suddenly cocks his head to the sound of a car horn and catcalls in front of his home. "The degenerates again," he says softly to a visitor. "See, Pal, I kid you not."

4:57 p.m. Talent Scout Tom O'Malley calls to announce that old Prizefighter-Crown Maxie Rosenbloom will be available for the night's show. "Tell Rosenbloom to be himself," Jack warns. "No



SERGEANT PAAR AT WORK (1945)
And then a corporal's guard.

prepared jokes." The warning is hardly necessary. Responsible for signing most of the guests on Paar's show, O'Malley is well aware of the rules of the game. Forbidden are "Lindy" comedians—the brash, Berle-type gagsters given to dialect jokes and continuous excitement. Says Paar: "I'm not interested in comedians named Joey or Jackie—no rock 'n' roll, no jazz."

5:10 p.m. After a brief dip in the pool ("I spend all my time keeping it clean and I'm seldom in it"), Jack settles down with a Jack Daniel's softened by water. "Do you know that right now, tonight, there is not one single written word, and now—WHAT TIME IS IT? We're in panic now!"

5:27 p.m. Miriam Paar, Jack's pretty and patient wife, appears at poolside with a dinner tray—brook trout, corn on the cob, string beans, mixed green salad. Jack tops it off with a chocolate sundae garnished with whipped cream and peanuts.

7:10 p.m. Dressed in a blue suit, pink shirt and dark glasses, Jack is ready for the hired limousine that has come to take him to the show. He settles into the back

seat with a groan, convinced that he is on a short ride toward disaster.

7:54 p.m. Jack hurries into the rear door of the Hudson Theater on West 44th Street and climbs upstairs to his dressing room. En route, he is cornered by Chris Carroll, an old Army buddy now serving as feature editor of the show (i.e., the procurer of oddball talent—pickpockets, performing chimpanzees, professional wrestlers). "You want Paul Anderson on the show?" Carroll asks hopefully. "Strongest man in the world. Hold you up over his head," Paar nods. Inside his dressing room, he sits down and studies a mimeographed "status report" of talent bookings: peremptorily he scrawls "O.K.," "No" or "Investigate" after each listing.

8:01 p.m. Paar studies the scripts for the commercials, reads a part planned for a visiting comic, says "Whew!" and shoves the papers aside in disgust.

8:09 p.m. Writer Walt Kempley comes into the dressing room with the news that he has found a gun that shoots soft bullets. How about a duel with Genevieve to see who can draw the fastest? Often such gimmicks are the bright spots of a show (a mechanical fish-eating fish was brought back for numerous encores, as was a pair of "binoculars" that were actually half liquor flask). But tonight Paar is not in the mood. "I need a show," he snaps.

8:16 p.m. Jack reads a skit called "Famous Last Words" and discards it as no good. Finally he begins to stitch together a few lines himself for his opening monologue, thinking aloud, jotting down the words in a stenographic notebook. "We have a wonderful evening planned just as soon as the show is over. . . This show comes to you in compatible color; this means my shirt and socks match."

8:45 p.m. Onstage, Jack takes time to rehearse a skit, then wanders around asking questions, checking on props, apparently calm. Abruptly, he strides into his dressing room. On the dim, dusty stage of the Hudson Theater, technicians keep rummaging about the little world of cables, cameras, and dingy sets that will look sumptuous on the home screens. The band rehearses in shirtsleeves.

10:35 p.m. After a long, embarrassing interview with an English actress who was scheduled for a guest appearance, Jack comes onstage again, explains with a sour face: "She made a movie with Noel Coward, she did this, she did that. I said, 'Can you talk about these things?' She said she wanted to be a cook, a creative cook. That's not believable. A good-looking girl with a build wants to be a cook? The audience would think she was lying, that I was lying. It would destroy the naturalness of the show. I had to let her go."

10:58 p.m. Genevieve shouts: "Zhonee, I have no shoes, dahling. I cannot go without red shoes. I left them in apartment." A stage manager marches off to get the shoes, muttering.

11:01 p.m. Paar is frantic. "That wastebasket is filled with routines by the writers. This is what I end up with—two sheets from my own notebook."

11:14 p.m. Paar stands in the wings

alone. The show theme strikes up. Out front, Announcer Hugh Downs, who has been warming up the audience, chuckles with the nightly enthusiasm: "Now here's Jack." In that instant Jack Paar strides onstage, smiling shyly, snapping his fingers. He makes his little joke about hemlines and the men behind the TV cameras smile at him as if they meant it. The show is on its way, following a complex timetable of station breaks and commercials as the network gathers stations and moves west across the night.

Tough Damn Job. From this moment on, Paar is assured, professional, unfaltering. During each station break, after every commercial, whenever he is off camera, he finds a moment to lean over to chat with a guest, give instructions to an assistant director, and check the time schedule. The peering cameras, the prodding teleprompters, the signaling technicians seem not to bother him; he is at home. With Jack Douglas, head writer of his show, whom he puts on as a guest from time to time, he ad libs quickly and surely. With other guests, he is gentle, humble, anxious not to seem brighter than anybody else.

By midnight it is plain that the show is a hit. A cameraman smothers a laugh and says, "Jack's flying. He'll be home now." Henny Youngman, a charter member of the Lindy comedians Jack so often criticizes, has dropped in to watch—as many show business pros do. Says Youngman: "This guy gives 200%; he wants to be double good. He gives out a feeling of love, that's why they look at this man. This is a tough damn job."

A few moments after 1 a.m. the lights go down, and Jack is surrounded by exuberant writers. "Rosenbloom was great," says one. "Douglas killed them," chimes in another. Jack says: "I thought he was pretty good, too." He wipes off his make-up, grabs his briefcase and pushes his way to his car—he never joins the rest of the cast at the corner bar. At home in Bronxville, where Miriam is waiting up, he has a cup of soup and a beer. At 3:15 a.m., after reading two scripts that Writer Douglas has put together for future shows, Paar turns out the light.

Balloon Breaker. To last through this kind of performance five nights a week takes a talent spawned by radio, toughened by Hollywood and burnished by the demands of an unforgiving clutch of television cameras. No comedian in the U.S. can boast a more abundant supply of the necessary skills than Jack Paar. He has been practicing them almost all his life.

A sort of migrant Middle Westerner, thanks to his father's job with the New York Central Railroad, which kept the family forever on the move, Jack Paar was born in Canton, Ohio on May 1, 1917. With time out for a stretch in Detroit, he did most of his growing up in Jackson, Mich. But wherever he went, his childhood memories are almost all somber ("I never had a childhood. I was born an old man"). When he was five, an older brother was killed by a car. All that comes back to Jack from his tenth year is the death of his best friend. "I went

to the funeral," he remembers now, "and I didn't know what to do. My heart was breaking, and all I could think of was to break balloons through the service. Then I went home and howled."

He stuttered badly as a boy, but cured himself by cramming buttons in his mouth and reading aloud. At 14 he spent six months in bed recovering from tuberculosis. He quit high school at 16. He was already working as an office boy and part-time announcer at a station in Jackson (WTBM) for \$3 a week. Oldtimers still remember his style. "This is Jack Buh-Buh-Buh-Boo Paar, your announcer," he would croon, or "This is your young and popular announcer, Bing Paar." He kept a discarded microphone in the



MIRIAM PAAR WITH DAUGHTER RANDY.
Father goes straight home.

attic at home. It was hooked up to nothing, but he sat before it by the hour, reading aloud from plays, books, magazines. At 18 he left home and began to bounce around the country on his own, handling microphones in Indianapolis, Youngstown, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Buffalo. He was married by then, for the second time to the same girl, and for the second time the marriage was breaking up. ("The first time we were divorced it was my fault. The second time it was her fault. When we felt that we were even, we quit.")

Caine Mutiny. In 1942, when Paar was 25, he was called up into the Army and was put in the 28th Special Service Company as member of an entertainment troupe. Jack's first weeks in service were miserable. "I still talked like an announcer, and they didn't understand me." Even in Special Services, the average draftee did not dig his insistence on clean fingernails. Things were better overseas. Crossing to Guadalcanal on an Army troop transport, he took on a *Caine*-type

commander who kept the soldiers on a near-starvation diet. One day during an alert, Paar got into a lifeboat and announced: "I've been asked to make an announcement that there was a Japanese submarine in the vicinity, but unfortunately the Navy gun crews have driven it off. I say unfortunately because the Japanese submarine was trying to bring us food." Recalls Paar sadly: "The men laughed until they cried. That was the greatest joke of my life."

On the South Pacific's one-a-day, island-hopping vaudeville circuit, Paar became the open enemy of all brass. Once, in New Caledonia, a show was delayed and 5,000 men were kept waiting by a Navy commodore, who finally arrived with a nurse on his arm. "We were going to have six lovely girls do the dance of the virgins," announced Paar. "But they broke their contracts by being with the commodore." The commodore threatened a courtmartial. "The Army got me out of it," claims Paar, "by promising to send me to Okinawa."

Deus ex Machina. His wartime success got Jack a job in Hollywood shortly after he came home. RKO and later 20th Century-Fox put him under contract but rarely got around to putting him in front of a camera (he did once play opposite an unheard-of starlet named Marilyn Monroe). In 1947 he was hired as the summer replacement on NBC's *Radio's Jack Benny Show*. His fresh, natural style was a success, and in the fall American Tobacco put the *Jack Paar Show* on the air on ABC. It lasted until Christmas Eve. In his radio days Paar squabbled with everyone, fired a whole set of writers, feuded with a *Daily Variety* columnist named Jack Hellman (Paar put a nameplate—"Hellman"—on a chimpanzee and paraded it through Hollywood).

But on the ABC show, says Jack, "a fellow named Ernie Walker ruined me. He sold the network a bill of goods that he had a machine to analyze comedians." Walker's machine reported that Jack got laughs all right but that he had no character, like Benny's "cheapness." Gracie Allen's "dumbness." "There is nothing to tune back to each week," reported Walker, and the Paar option was dropped. Today, says Jack, he is just as glad that he did not play along with the phony character bit. "I have no character except what I am—complicated, sentimental, lovable, honest, loyal, decent, generous, likable and lonely."

Who Loves Him? In New York, where he moved five years ago, Jack got a chance to go on talking on a shortlived CBS radio show called *Bunk on the Stars*. Then he moved into TV as a replacement for Arthur Godfrey, finally replacing Walter Cronkite on the *Morning Show*, which he quit after eleven months. ("Too much pressure for me to help soften up sponsors"). After that, guest appearances with Ed Sullivan kept him going until NBC signed him up to take over the *Tonight Show*.

Perhaps the only person who knows him well and does not quite believe he has arrived is Jack Paar himself. Like

any TV performer, Paar watches himself on a monitor set during the show, but he also seems to be watching himself on an imaginary monitor when he is not performing. Compulsive and candid talker that he is, he looks for signs of having said the wrong thing or having been misunderstood. He still broods: "When will they start tearing me down?" Or "I wonder how many among my group really love me?" Says a former agent of his: "He has no armor. You can pierce him with a piece of Kleenex."

A small kindness from anyone seems to be a large emotional shock, and Paar still weeps often. When he went through the motions of an on-screen reconciliation with Dody Goodman fortnight ago, he broke into tears. When he was told that a Lindy comic had liked his show, he was "Leaky Jack" once more, his eyes misting as his own hostility melted.

It may be necessary for Paar to live at the top of his emotions, because to such a large extent in his work, feeling takes the place of a specific talent. He is no actor, singer or dancer. He is a gifted comedian, but not in the Lindy stand-up-and-knock-'em-dead sense. His comedy is low pressure and has to be, if it is to be tolerated on a nightly 14-hr. show. "Nine hours a week," says one awed performer of Paar's stint, "My God, that isn't over-exposure, it's practically nudism." But Paar seems to have found the formula for beating the dreaded "over-exposure" problem.

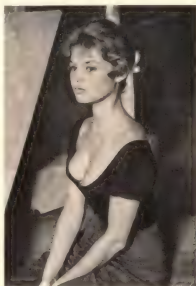
He has found a way of being unobtrusive in the somnolent, night-time living room, of providing just enough surprises to keep the audience from falling asleep but not so many shocks as to jolt them really wide awake. He has developed a knack for picking good guest performers, has made his show one of the prized showcases for new talent. The program can be dull and pointless but, as Paar himself says, "there's nothing like it." He adds with a wry smile, "I'm so lovable, I have a love affair with this whole continent."

It may not be love, but it is certainly more than one of those quick-cold TV infatuations, one of those irritations that wither in weeks, leaving only an old pile of fan letters and musty ratings. The fact is that Paar is less a comedian than a personality—and personalities usually outlast comedians.

What the Public Wants?

On opposite sides of the continent, a sin spot and a sun spot—Las Vegas, Nev., and Lake Placid, N.Y.—incurred the displeasure of the Roman Catholic Church. The issue: sex.

In Lake Placid (pop. 3,000, more than half Catholic), Msgr. James T. Lyng was outraged when the village's only movie house planned to show Brigitte Bardot in *And God Created Woman*, called on his flock to boycott the theater for six months. Lyng denounced the movie as "an assault on each and every woman of our community and nation," offered the theater owners \$350 in lieu of box-office receipts if they would promise not to



BRIGITTE IN "WOMAN" ROLE
Outrage in a sunspot.

show the film on Sunday. The owners stuck with Brigitte.

In Las Vegas (pop. 53,690—20% Catholics) trouble arose not over pictures but over personal appearances: the chorines in three of the town's gilded night cages—the Dunes, the Stardust and El Rancho Vegas—glided about with their breast feathers completely plucked. In a message read this week from every Catholic pulpit in Nevada, Reno's Bishop Robert J. Dwyer gave the warning "that all Catholics are strictly forbidden by the divine law itself to have any part in entertainment which is of its nature indecent, suggestive or calculated to excite thoughts or actions contrary to the Sixth Commandment." Some Vegas saloonkeepers were quick to agree. "We've never uncovered a girl's navel," cried the Sands' Jack Entratter. But El Rancho Choreographer Barry Ashton retorted: "Bare chests are the thing here—it's what the public wants, and we're giving it to them. It will soon be nothing to see a nude girl. All the showgirls along the Strip will be replaced by nudes."

Ballet from the Ashes

It was 5 a.m. when the phone rang in the Cannes hotel room of Jean Cerrone, company manager of Manhattan's touring American Ballet Theatre. The news: a twelve-ton truck carrying most of the company's gear had gone up in flames. Cerrone mumbled "Merde!" went back to sleep, 15 minutes later woke up again in a horrified double take. By the time he got to the scene of the fire, all the company's wardrobe trunks had been destroyed, along with scenery and props for twelve ballets, plus orchestra scores for four. Total damage, mostly covered by insurance: About \$400,000. That was two weeks ago. Last week the ballet company put on a scheduled performance at the Brussels World Exhibition—after seven days of international rescue operations.

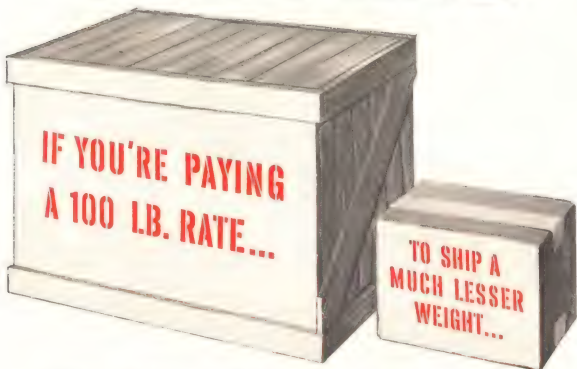
In the Pouch. As soon as news of the fire reached London, the Royal Ballet's Prima Ballerina Margot Fonteyn sent her own Black Swan costume winging to Ballet Theatre's Prima Ballerina Nora Kaye. Covent Garden set 15 girls appressing a pile of old *Sylphides* costumes. The British Festival Ballet's Anton Dolin, a Ballet Theatre alumnus, sent whatever odds and ends he could spare. Ballet Theatre's Erik Bruhn phoned fellow Danes in Copenhagen, who rushed to pack *Sylphides* and *Graduation Ball* trappings (the vacationing director had to be run to ground for an O.K.). French Dancers Pierre Le Cote and Claude Bessy appeared in Cannes with tutus and tunics. A cowed secretary at London's Ballet Rambert was talked out of a *Giselle* score; a second score was produced by an operative who dug up a key to Brussels' shuttered opera house. In Cannes, meanwhile, dancers, stranded with only the clothes they had worn on the night of the fire, rehearsed in bikinis while their laundered wardrobes dried out.

Finally moving on to Brussels via Paris, the ballet troupers scoured Parisian shops for all the shoes, Pancake Make-Up, eye shadow, nets, Kleenex, fake hair, powder puffs and hobby pins they could carry. Wardrobe Master Leslie Copeland flew to London to buy white shirts for the men. Upon his arrival in Brussels, well-heeled Director Lucia Chase and company members cut off the incongruous pockets. The U.S. embassy in London scissored red tape to arrange immediate funds for air-freighting costumes, put the Rambert *Giselle* score in a Brussels-bound diplomatic pouch. In Brussels itself, one especially vital consignment arrived at the airport with such urgency that suspicious customs men detained the package. A Ballet Theatre official warned hoarsely: "If we don't get those athletic supporters soon, I'm going to call the American ambassador."

Curtain Up. Day before the Brussels opening, Music Director Samuel Krachmalnick set about rehearsing a pickup orchestra of phlegmatic Flemings. A Brussels milliner, working from a photograph, in six hours ran up helmets for *The Combat*. At the scheduled time, in the U.S. Pavilion theater, the curtain rose on the Ballet Theatre. The first work on the bill was *Theme and Variations*, but variations predominated: girls in *Sylphides* tutus and men in tights, which had just arrived from New York, leaped and twirled against a backdrop from *Gala Performance*.

At later performances five girls, bereft of wigs but required to appear as Greek goddesses, sprayed their hair silver, washed it out during the ten-minute intermission, returned in the next number as winsome peasant maids. One painted her slippers white for *Paeon*, minutes later pink for *Giselle*. There was little evidence to suggest to the audience that the ballet had risen from ashes. Wrote *La Libre Belgique*: "The dancers of this excellent company provided us with a spectacle in which ballet [became] poetic language."

SHIPPERS



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SCIENCE

The Coal Man

When the Swiss scientist was awakened, it was 2 a.m. in the dreary Tuscan hamlet of Baccinello (pop. 400). But Paleontologist Johannes Hürzeler leaped from under in a blink. In a coal seam 600 ft. under the village, a miner's torch had lighted an ancient white bone. Down in the depths Hürzeler dug farther with trembling care. Last week he ended a nine-year treasure hunt, exhumed the first complete fossil skeleton of an *Oreopithecus* ("mountain ape"). The age of the coal: 10 million years.

Most paleontologists have discarded the theory that man descended from the ancestors of apes and dropped out of the trees only a few million years ago. The common ancestor, if there was one, now appears to have lived far earlier. This might be a kind of primate with mixed monkey and ape traits, or even an ancestor of the improved little Asian tarsier, which was a groundling before it took to the trees; anatomically, man has much in common with such animals. If Hürzeler's 4-ft. creature is what he says it is, the earliest man-like creature yet discovered, man may be many times older than he thinks he is.

A Look at the Teeth. *Oreopithecus* lived in Miocene-period marshes, which are now coal areas around Grosseto, in central Italy. His first fossil bones were found in 1872, have always been labeled monkey fragments. But in 1944 Hürzeler became convinced that *Oreopithecus* was a higher type. For years he pored over bits of jaws and teeth at Basel Natural History Museum, where he is curator of vertebrate paleontology.

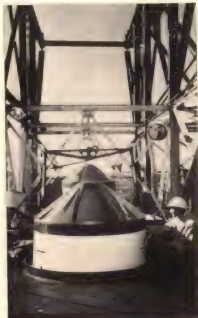
When he broached his theory in New York in 1956, he mainly cited *Oreopithecus*' teeth as far smaller and straighter than those found in fossil monkeys. The teeth were not forward-jutting, he said, and had no simian gap. The chin was rounded instead of pointed; the jawbone had a hole for a nerve passage which is characteristic of humans. But the evidence still seemed scanty to U.S. scientists. To expand it, Hürzeler set out 28 months ago, with backing from Manhattan's Wenner-Gren Foundation, to find an entire *Oreopithecus* skeleton, came to be called "keeper of the abominable coal man" by weary friends.

Down from the Tree. His finding last week was a boost for his theory. Sent off to Basel, *Oreopithecus* will undergo months of study before its vintage is truly certified. But Hürzeler quickly reported definite human affinities. Examples: a manlike big toe close to other toes, a short pelvis and wide ilium, which may indicate that *Oreopithecus* walked erect instead of swinging from trees. Hürzeler suggests that "men and apes have a common ancestor ten times older than we thought, perhaps 60 to 70 million years back. At least 10 million years ago, manlike characteristics were in full swing."

Blunt v. Ablative

The body of a long-range missile lives only for its nose. Once shot into space, the nose, with its payload of thermonuclear explosive, speeds on alone, and its problem becomes re-entry into the atmosphere. U.S. missilemen need nose cones that will not burn up from friction as they plummet earthward in a long arc at up to 16,000 m.p.h.

This month, when the Air Force's Atlas sped 2,500 miles over the Atlantic, pictures of its virtually blunt nose seemed



THOR NOSE CONES
Problem: how to be sharp and cool.

strange to the streamline-minded. But current Atlas and Thor noses are likely to stay blunt for good reason. Developed by General Electric, they are made mainly of heavy copper, which helpfully spreads and diffuses the heat. But the main design trick is to keep the nose from ever getting too hot. The bluntness creates a shielding shock wave out front that cuts the velocity of the air actually hitting the nose to subsonic speed, then slows the missile to around 500 m.p.h. Instead of evaporating in more than 10,000° re-entry heat, as a sharp-nosed metal warhead might, it descends at a cool 2,000°.

But this tidy re-entry solution may soon be due for obsolescence. The trouble is that a blunt nose falls too slowly to evade sophisticated countermissiles, and even gusty winds can mess up its accuracy. Future nose cones will have to fall much faster.

Despite its proneness to bluntness, the Air Force last month successfully fired a Thor-Able missile with a faster-flying new

nose of the type developed by the Army on its Jupiter IRBM. This one is more classically sharp. Instead of absorbing and avoiding heat, it removes heat by "ablation." Technique: coating the nose surface with materials that melt or vaporize while absorbing heat, yet leave the material underneath cool and undamaged. The best materials seem to be polymer plastics, mixed with fibers of glass.

Last week the Air Force was highly enthusiastic about this concept. The beauty of ablating materials is the lightness that they allow in a nose cone. A solid-fuel missile like the projected Air Force Minuteman ICBM (due in 1963) would be badly overladen with a heavy copper nose. Now the Minuteman will reportedly get a sharper, ablative nose, as may later advanced versions of the liquid-fuel Atlas and Titan, thus returning advanced missilery to orthodox streamlining.

Reaching for the Moon

The U.S. is about to try to send a rocket to the moon. This week or next, the Air Force will try the first of three lunar probes planned for August, September and October. The Army's rocket team will also get two chances. All five probes, billed as more scientific than military, are supposed to be completely by next March under the International Geophysical Year program. Any one of them could turn out to be that celestial coup, a voyage around the moon by a highly instrumented vehicle. But any probe that reaches a great altitude, even if far short of the moon, will radio back news of such interest that the try will be worthwhile.

The pioneer probe vehicle weighs about 60 lbs., is shaped like a doughnut with a sausage through its middle. If all goes well at the Cape Canaveral launching pad, a three-stage Thor-Able rocket will shoot the probe into space at an initial speed of 23,827 m.p.h. After the third-stage rocket drops off at 200 miles beyond earth, the probe, still pulled by earth, will gradually slow down as it flies for almost three days.

The Unseen Face. The probe will be fired roughly eastward to get the added throw of earth's eastward spin, and its course will be an elongated S in the plane set by the moon's 27-day easterly revolution around the earth. The reverse in the curve will come when the probe nears a rendezvous in the moon's path and feels the moon's pull.

Ground controllers at the Space Technology Laboratory of Thompson Ramo Woolridge Corp. in Inglewood, Calif., will study the flight closely. At the proper instant, an Air Force tracking station in Honolulu will trigger the probe's own rocket, guiding it so that the moon swoops in it, then the probe can make a lazy, 30-hour pass around the moon, performing such chores as sending an electric-eye view of the moon's unseen face. Theoretically, the moon could sling the vehicle back to earth in a figure-eight-shaped voyage (Time, June 23).

The odds against success are great. They begin on the ground, where the

A MAN ON THE MOVE AND THE NEW CESSNA 172 FOR 1958



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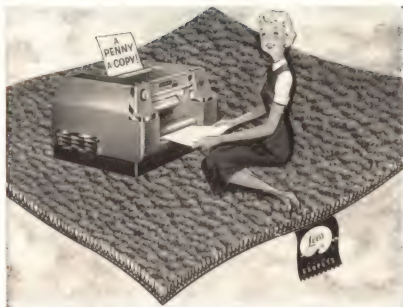
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Thor rocket has yet to prove its reliability. The probe should be launched only during the four days of the month when the moon is in the best position for tracking; if the rocket fizzes on the launching pad, another attempt must await the same short period next month. Even if the probe does get off on schedule, the perils of imprecision mount as the vehicle soars closer to the moon. The margin for error at the rendezvous point is about 30 minutes, and the slightest miscalculation in the rocket's fuel mixture could ruin the whole attempt.

Stirring Snooper. But any probe that sails a respectable distance into space will repay the sweat and strain. If it soars just 2,500 miles above earth, it will top all artificial satellites, and its instruments will be snooping in regions unknown to man. A probe that got within 50,000 miles of the moon would be an enormous scientific success. Its instruments could record meteorite density, perhaps reveal whether the moon has an atmosphere. Even more important, it could tell some of the secrets of the source of earth's magnetism, and of the thickness of the radiation belt that earth satellites have already probed.

The earth's magnetic field is now known not to come from a permanent-magnet core. A probe may help confirm the current theory that the revolving earth and its molten metal interior form a giant dynamo, generating electric currents and thus magnetism. If the probe reports that the moon itself has no magnetic field, it will make the terrestrial-dynamo theory seem more credible.

Cosmic Counter. The degree of cosmic radiation in space is a bafflement that earth satellites have so far only deepened. Geiger counters aboard Explorers I and III were so swamped that they choked up. The new Explorer IV, equipped with more specialized counters, reports that radiation doubles for every 60 miles over a threshold 250 miles beyond earth.

Explorer IV spotted two other puzzles. Cosmic radiation measured close to earth is fairly weak near the geomagnetic equator (where magnetic deflection is greatest), and strongest near the magnetic poles. At 1,200 miles above South America, the radiation hit Explorer IV at a heavy ten roentgens an hour—enough to give the human space traveler his top weekly X-ray dosage in about two minutes. And one Geiger counter inside the satellite, though coated with lead 1.16 in. thick, recorded 60% as many impacts as its unshielded mate, which in turn reported radiation almost as intense as that reported by two scintillation counters outside the vehicle. Nobody knows where this radiation comes from or what gives it such high energy. One theory is that cosmic-ray protons are strengthened by interaction with vast magnetic fields wandering in space.

The best way to pierce these mysteries is to see how they affect the lunar probe. Such data alone will make the gadget a superb spy in space. It hardly matters whether it also becomes the greatest billiard shot in the history of man.



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MEDICINE

Sex & Intersex

Modern medical science has saved countless unborn babies from "spontaneous abortion" (what the layman calls a miscarriage), and many doctors credit the use of hormones given to the mothers. But these substances, some natural and some synthetic, are often closely related to the male sex hormone, testosterone. An unexpected result now reported by two Johns Hopkins University authorities: a female fetus may have its development so changed that the baby can be mistaken for a boy, and raised as one.

Famed Pediatrician Lawson Wilkins and Gynecologist Howard W. Jones Jr. note twelve such cases in *Pediatrics*. Simultaneously, British physicians have noted the same phenomenon. It happens in some cases when heavy hormone treatment is given in the second and third months of pregnancy. Though the baby's true sex is determined at conception, its outward appearance can still be altered, through the 16th week, by hormones from the mother's bloodstream. In some of the abnormal cases, nothing need be done—the unusual appearance will fade gradually with growth. In the others, only minor surgery is needed.

This intersex abnormality is no reason for abandoning hormone treatment, the doctors agree. But two things are important: 1) if possible, the hormones should not be given early in pregnancy; or, if indicated, given only in moderate doses; and 2) the baby's real sex must be promptly established to avoid the danger that a girl will be raised as a boy, resulting in severe emotional damage when the facts are recognized.

Where East Meets West

Shops closed, windows were shuttered, and even the bazaars were half deserted in teeming Lucknow (pop. 500,000), capital of Uttar Pradesh province. Students stormed through the streets, set up loudspeakers outside the Council House, bombarded a captive audience of state legislators with fiery exhortations. On their way to another demonstration, a group collided head-on with short-tempered police: brickbats flew, steel-tipped lathis flailed, shots were fired. A passing water carrier was killed; the wounded totaled 31.

Cause of the strife was a medical dispute that is symptomatic of modern India: should aspiring healers be taught the medicine of the ancient, mystical and slow-to-change East or the medicine of the modern, scientific, restlessly changeable West? India has more licensed practitioners of native medical systems (96,000) than of Western medicine (92,000); the vast majority of these engage in ayurveda (Sanskrit for "the science of life") and bitterly resent the encroachment of Western medicine.

The Nature of Heat. One of the greatest exponents of ayurveda is Uttar Pradesh's chief minister, Dr. Sampurnanand.



PEDIATRICIAN WILKINS

A girl can be mistaken for a boy.

A graduate of Allahabad University, Sampurnanand (who has no first name) majored in mathematics, physics and chemistry, rates the title of doctor only on the strength of honorary degrees collected from fawning provincial universities. Sampurnanand dabbles in ayurveda himself, often prescribing ayurvedic remedies for friends. Four years ago his government set up the State Ayurvedic College in Lucknow, dedicated to the proposition that students should learn both the ayurvedic and Western medical systems.

State's 87 students soon found themselves totally bewildered. In the mornings they trooped to King George Medical College to join its 1,200 fulltime students in the study of the foundations of modern medicine—bacteriology, pathology, anatomy, diagnosis, and eventually, treatment. But in the afternoons they hiked back across town to the ayurvedic college. There they memorized the 2,000-year-old Sanskrit verses in which this medical lore is frozen.

The more they learned of Western medicine, the more bewildered they became. What they learned in the morning was contradicted in the afternoon. In medical school they found themselves treated as fledgling quacks; in ayurvedic school they found their questions brushed off. One student asked "Does it really do any good to bake this medication over a fire of cow dung rather than some other fuel?" Replied the teacher: "You must have faith in what you are taught."

The student's faith was supposed to extend to 1,000 or more herbs, minerals, metals and even precious stones listed in the ayurvedic pharmacopoeia. (The gems were once favored by the practitioners who list themselves in India's telephone books as "sex splst," were supposed to increase virility. With the republican leveling-down, few patients can afford ground-up precious stones, or even pearls. So they settle for sea shells. But they still flock to the ayurvedic sex splst.)

Move en Masse? The ayurveda students found that they had no faith in such teachings; and they struck, protesting that they could not live half East and half West and demanding admission to medical school on a fulltime basis. "We are the world's most confused people," waived one. Dr. Sampurnanand replied by setting up a commission with himself as



AYURVEDA STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING IN LUCKNOW
Mystical lore is not medicine.

James Shepherd



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chairman, and the commission decided that ayurvedic and Western medicine would not mix. Conclusion: the students would have to drop their Western studies. With that, two ayurveda students began hunger strikes. Responding to this form of protest made classical for Indians by the example of Gandhi, Lucknow University students heeded the ayurvedics' call for a citywide general strike got into last week's riots.

Under such pressure, Dr. Sampurnanand crantly conceded that if all 87 ayurveda students wanted to, they could go over en masse to King George Medical College. But the 87 could not achieve unanimity. Furthermore, King George had no room for them and did not think highly of their qualifications anyway. At week's end East was still locked with West in the streets of Lucknow.

Strictly for the Birds

Millions of Americans—the estimates run between 8,000,000 and 10,000,000—keep parakeets for pets, and every year about 300 happy bird owners come down with psittacosis ("parrot fever," also called ornithosis). Before the discovery of antibiotics, psittacosis was untreatable, killed scores of people in the U.S. This led to a federal embargo on all members of the parrot family—they still cannot be imported for sale. But last week famed old (1920) Virologist Karl F. Meyer was hailed at Stockholm's International Congress for Microbiology for a research victory that was strictly for the birds—he has found a way to keep parakeets (or budgerigars) free of the psittacosis virus simply by feeding them seed treated with a common antibiotic. More important, when the budgies shake the disease, they cease to be a threat to their owners.

Dr. Meyer has put in 40 years as a specialist in bird and animal diseases, most of the time at the University at California's Hooper Foundation for Medical Research, of which he is director emeritus. There he developed an effective way of keeping parakeets free of the psittacosis virus by frequent injections of chlortetracycline (Aureomycin). But the injection method was costly and impractical for most budgie owners. Backed by Manhattan's Hartz Mountain Products Corp. (bird feeds and medications), Dr. Meyer spent three more years finding an effective way to impregnate the birds' feed with the antibiotic in a uniform and stable concentration. A few months ago, Dr. Meyer put a batch of disease-ridden parakeets on his medicated seed, sent another batch to the University of Texas' Dr. Morris Pollard in Galveston for a double check.

In both tests, parakeets were fed on a schedule of two days on millet seed enriched with Aureomycin, one day on plain feed. After 14 days, virtually all became virus-free. Hartz Mountain will begin marketing the treated feed in September, and parakeet owners can relax at last. Dr. Meyer's next project, a medicated feed for table birds, especially turkeys, which are also subject to ornithosis epidemics (TIME, March 26, 1956).

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EDUCATION

Integration & Defiance

Prince Edward County, deep in the tobacco and pulpwood country of south-central Virginia, kept Negroes out of white schools for four years after the Supreme Court ordered integration, but this summer, time seemed to be running out. The Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals ordered U.S. District Judge Sterling Hutcheson to set a date for integration. The county school board—one of the defendants in the legal fight that led to the Supreme Court's 1954 decision—bid for a five-year delay, to make a "sociological survey."

Every white congregation in Farmville (pop. 5,000), the county seat, prepared to turn its church into an integration-dodging private school at the drop of a gavel. But last week the churches got the news that they would be used only to glorify God. In a decision that Virginia's Governor J. Lindsay Almond Jr. called the "epitome of judicial statesmanship," Federal Judge Hutcheson—who was born in black-belt Mecklenburg County 64 years ago—granted the board a delay not of five but of seven years.

Plenty of Omens. The two-years-for-good-measure reflected the mood of the South last week: the triumphant primary victory of Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus (TIME, Aug. 11) boosted segregationist hopes that the Federal Government can successfully be defied. Integration leaders and law-abiding moderates look gloomily toward the beginning of the fifth school year after the Supreme Court decision. The Deep South will generally continue to bar all Negroes; the border states give little promise of progress, plenty of omens of trouble.

Little Rock, in almost any case, will be a focus of struggle. If the U.S. Court of Appeals upholds Federal Judge Harry Lemley's 2½-year delay in integration (TIME, July 14), the use of further legalized delay will apparently have to be overruled or affirmed on further appeal to the Supreme Court. If no delay is permitted and Negro students are not Fauhused into staying away from Central High School on registration day, there will almost certainly be more uproar.

Such states as Kentucky, relatively calm since the Clay-Sturgis-Henderson flare-ups of 1956, look for no obstacles to steadily broadening integration. But at this time last year, no one foresaw a blowup at Little Rock. Racist politicians will need less courage this year; Fauhus showed that the reward for demagoguery is victory at the polls. Only last week Segregationist Buford Ellington won the decisive Democratic primary in Tennessee.

Massive Resistance. Virginia's "massive resistance" laws (TIME, June 2) are a patently unconstitutional fortress-of-cards, but the state's lawmakers are manning the battlements with determination. Norfolk, Newport News, Charlottesville

and Northern-infiltrated Arlington face court integration orders. Charlottesville, where schools are scheduled to open Sept. 2, may find legal delays to avoid being the first Virginia city whose schools are closed by massive resistance laws.

But odds are that the courts will compel at least one of the four cities to integrate. What happens then depends on whether Governor Almond shuts the schools on receipt of a "final and unappealable" federal court order, or waits until a Negro child tries to enter a school. There are rednecked minorities in each



Richmond Newspapers Inc.
JUDGE HUTCHESON
Segregationists took heart.

city, and the effectiveness of Little Rock mobs may encourage them.

Last week, as the integration fuse sputtered toward September, Washington offered no leadership. President Eisenhower's lame contribution: "Mere law will never solve this problem . . . If I could think of anything that I thought would be effective in August or in the few weeks before, the two or three weeks before, the schools start, why, I certainly shouldn't hesitate to do it."

Hic, Haec, Hoax

Stumping the backwoods during one of his presidential campaigns, Andrew Jackson decided to impress his bumpkin constituents with his scholarship, let fly in bear-shaped tones with all the Latin he knew: "*E pluribus unum, my friends, sine qua non, ne plus ultra, multo in parvo!*" Applause resounded for miles; Jackson not only won the election, but also got an honorary LL.D. Or so says Allen Walker Read, associate professor of English at Columbia University, who tucked tongue in cheek and presented choice samples of fractured Latin in an address to the Linguistic Society of America.

In 1832, recounts Read, a Canadian sheriff who lost a culprit in a bog swore out a warrant, explaining that the offender "*non est comestibus in swampo.*" By 1841 the mock Latin for "will not come out of the swamp" was widely accepted backwoods legal terminology for "unavailable." An Illinois tavern keeper posted notice of a delinquent barfly who disappeared without paying his tab: "*Non est inventus ad libitum scrape goatium non comestibus in swampo. Ergo, non catchibus, non prosecutibus, non tryabus, non chastisibus.*"

Read resurrects an evocative fragment of verse:

"*Patres conscripti*—took a boat and went to Philippi.
Trumpeter unus erat qui coatum scarlet habebat,
Sturmum surgebat, et boatum oversetebat,
Omnes drownerunt, quia swimaway non potuerunt,
Excipe John Periwig, tied up to the tail of a dead pig."

And he records two vivid and poignant modern samples of ravaged Roman: General Stilwell's World War II motto, "*Illegitimi non carborundum* [Don't let the bastards grind you down]," and Adlai Stevenson's classic cry of anguish, "*Via oscipitum dura est* [The way of the egg-head is hard]."

Probably wisely, he omits mention of the venerable schoolboy *yoickibus*:

Brutus: Well, how did you like that pizza last night?

Caesar: Et tu, Brute.

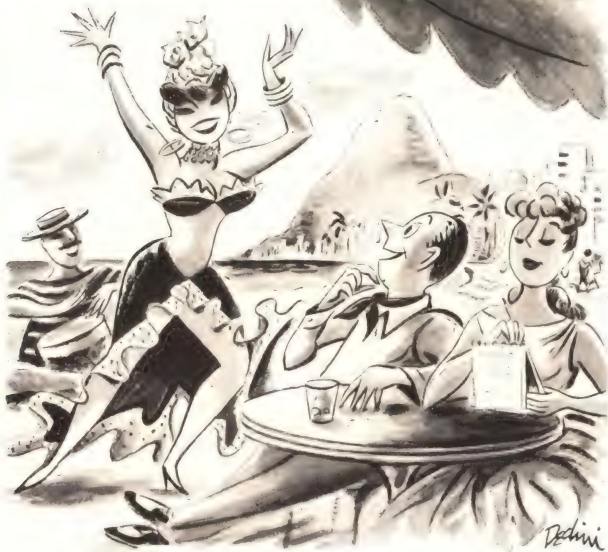
The Poor Get Richer

At the feast of philanthropy spread for U.S. colleges each year by the nation's business firms and foundations, the 130 nonaccredited small colleges are so far below the financial salt that most of them do not know what it tastes like. The viciously circular problem: to be eligible for most grants, colleges must be accredited, but to be accredited, they need grants that bring faculties, libraries and classroom buildings up to the levels required by the nation's six regional accrediting associations. Two years ago several of the fund-starved colleges pooled their problems (TIME, March 5, 1956), formed the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges. Last week, at Michigan State University (which, with 20,500 students and unquestioned accreditation, is not a member), the council gathered to talk of progress—in tones loud enough, they hoped, to be heard by the great philanthropists.

Biggest achievement: in recent months, accreditation has come to seven member colleges (three of which, in effect, graduated out of the council upon reaching this milestone). For the rest of its 65 members, the C.A.S.C. offers shared experience, advice and an evangelistic optimism. Says Executive Secretary Alfred T. Hill of the council membership: "Harvard was like this 300 years ago." Some of the potential Harvards:

¶ The youngest college in the council.

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Fidelitone

"Best buy on records"

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You and a guest can fly there non-stop aboard a luxurious Lufthansa German Airlines Super Star Constellation, unsurpassed for comfort and service. Simply enter Fidelitone's "Name Your Favorite Tune" contest. George DeWitt, star of TV's

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point-of-use insulated units keep them safe from fire and rifling!

Vital records can best be housed and protected right at point-of-use in insulated record containers from Remington Rand. There is a style available for every type of record — all certified by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., to protect contents from temperatures far in excess of those which would destroy paper in ordinary files. To learn the advantages of this low-cost equipment, send coupon today.



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Dodge City's (Kans.) St. Mary of the Plains, was founded in 1952, has a good faculty (42% are Ph.D.s) and physical plant, but has only 145 students. President Francis J. Donohue thinks that the college needs an enrollment twice as large to operate economically. But although the area needs a college—the next (Fort Hays Kansas State College) is 110 miles away—the farm lands around St. Mary's suffered impoverishing droughts in recent years. Students who should be attending do not have the money, and the young college run by the Sisters of St. Joseph has little cash to spare for a student-assistance program.

¶ Nasson College at Springvale, Maine seemed ready to expire eight years ago. It had a student body of 85 girls, a poorly maintained plant of seven buildings, and the added liability of existing in a town weakened by the closing of textile mills. By recruiting twelve new firms, the college helped Springvale get back on its financial feet, and was thus able to strengthen its own finances. Nasson now seems well on the way to solving its problems with 16 tidy buildings, a coed enrollment of 280 and a slowly growing endowment.

¶ Westmont College in Santa Barbara, Calif. got a grant of only \$25,000 from U.S. Steel, but it built a library that brought the school accreditation.

Pass or Rot

In South Viet Nam a student who passes an exam is a *dan*; a flunkster is called a *rot*. A schoolchild clever enough to remain a *dan* through 13 years of classes and pass his *bachot* (baccalaureate exam) becomes a *tri thuc* (intellectual), and has few further worries. The young nation has a shortage of scholars and a Confucian reverence for learning, and young male *tri thucs* get autos, villas and high-paying jobs from rich parents of marriageable daughters.

But Viet Nam inherited a rigid, rigorous school system from the French. Huge hoppers of facts must be memorized, and exams are tough. Students cram ceaselessly, go without vacations to study. Only 2.6% are able to cram in enough to pass their ninth-year exams, and only a minority of these survive their *bachots* four years later.

Eighteen-year-old Coed Bui Thi Oanh was one who did not survive. Voltaire and Confucius confounded her, and she failed her baccalaureate. In shame and despair, she swallowed 40 quinine pills and died. Since her death several other teen-age *rots* have committed suicide, and last week one enraged *rot* attacked his mathematics examiner in the street.

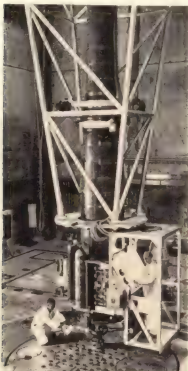
Lately Saigon newspapers, alarmed at the *rot* mortality rate, have urged parents to drive their children less harshly, play down the necessity of remaining *dans*. Educators argue that much of the blame for failures must be laid to crowded classrooms and ill-educated teachers. Happily for future *rots*, the government is planning alternatives to suicide: vocational schools and schools for social service.

THE PEACEFUL ATOM

...no basic discovery ever came so far, so fast

Power Plants Take Shape, Nuclear Knowledge Spreads Throughout the World

From man's first early experience with Fire, Water, and the Wheel to the industrial revolution took many thousands of years. Today our knowledge of atomic energy is less than 20 years old—yet this



THE ATOM MEANS NEW POWER...

The Sodium Reactor Experiment in California put nuclear electricity into everyday use in San Fernando Valley.

energy is already used by many American housewives at the flick of a switch.

Atomics International is helping to accelerate this rapid advance into the atomic age.

Sodium reactor successful

On July 12, 1957—just fifteen years after Fermi's first chain reaction—electricity began to flow from the Sodium Reactor Experiment (SRE) to homes in the San Fernando Valley. It was

America's first private-utility power for consumer use, from a non-military nuclear reactor.

Atomics International built and operates the SRE for the Atomic Energy Commission. Soon a great new 75,000 kw power station will rise from the plains of the Middle West. Its heart will be a Sodium Graphite Reactor based on the SRE, built under AEC contract by AI for Consumers Public Power District of Nebraska.

OMRE exceeds expectations

Another AI power reactor project for the AEC is the Organic Moderated Reactor Experiment (OMRE), which has been in operation since September 1957. The highly satisfactory performance of the OMRE has clearly demonstrated the technical and economic suitability of this reactor type for immediate use to generate electrical power. Construction of the first Organic Moderated Reactor central power station will begin shortly at Piqua, Ohio. Nuclear ship propulsion studies indi-



...NEW TECHNIQUES

AI's laboratory Reactors—safe and versatile—under construction for universities, laboratories, and hospitals.

cate another promising use for the Organic Moderated Reactor.

Important new concept

Southwest Atomic Energy Associates, a group of fifteen investor-owned utility companies in seven states, have signed a multi-million dollar contract with Atomics International to develop

a new type of power reactor—the Advanced Epithermal Thorium Reactor (AETR). Studies are directed to a target plant capacity of 200,000 kw.

Atoms across the sea

More and more countries are launching nuclear power development programs. Atomics International has supplied research reactors for nuclear development to Japan, Denmark, West Germany, West Berlin, Italy. A low-



...NEW SCIENCE

In the University of Frankfurt, West German scientists and students work with the research reactor, built by AI.

cost Laboratory Reactor for university training, compact and simple to operate, is also available from AI.

ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL, P.O. Box 309, Canoga Park, Calif. Cable address: ATOMICS.

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Today, in North American and its divisions, you'll find as potent a combination of scientists, engineers and production men as any in American industry. Because these men are constantly forging ahead into vital new technologies, much of their work holds immense promise for science and industry.



ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL

A DIVISION OF NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
PIONEERS IN THE CREATIVE USE OF THE ATOM



RESERVED FOR

Timber has been man's most useful material. Over the centuries it has provided shelter, tools, fuel, and transportation.

Recent years have seen timber provide even more...a growing variety of new products such as plywoods, paper and paper products, hardboards and particleboards, cellulose chemicals, etc.

These have prompted a great and growing per capita consumption of forest products. Combined with the coming boom in new family formations (soon to be the greatest in our country's

history) this consumption will create an unprecedented demand.

Georgia-Pacific has set about to meet this demand through (1) ownership of one of the nation's largest timber reserves, (2) maximum utilization of its timber harvest, (3) development of new products through research, and (4) scientific forest management to help Nature grow more trees.

For "The Georgia-Pacific Story" write Georgia-Pacific Corporation, 375 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York.



Aerial view of a section of Georgia-Pacific's vast West Coast timber reserves.

GEORGIA-PACIFIC

and history's greatest demand for forest products

Georgia-Pacific forests are perpetual assets

Timber is the only natural resource that actually replaces itself. Georgia-Pacific supplements this natural reforestation by planting of seedling trees and aerial seeding by helicopter. Thus, by scientific forest management, Georgia-Pacific is providing present and future generations with a constant source of forest products.



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One of the nation's largest integrated producers of forest products including plywood and plastic-coated plywood, hardboard, Redwood products, lumber, pulp, paper, and containerboard.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Upturn with Problems

"Improvement has come somewhat sooner and more vigorously than many observers had perhaps anticipated." So reported the monthly review of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York last week. The 1958 recession, said the review, probably reached its low point in April, and it was the shortest and the most severe of the postwar recessions. Though it warned that a mild setback might follow the initial upturn, as in 1949 and 1954, the bank saw hopeful signs in the fact that the recovery so far has been broader than in either of the previous postwar recessions.

Housing starts increased in June for the fourth consecutive month, steel production has declined only seasonally (while new orders held up), petroleum output increased and is scheduled to gain further in August, and demand for natural and synthetic textiles has firmed. Last week the Federal Reserve Board reported that department store sales for the previous week were running 3% above the 1957 level. Adding to recent gains in manufacturing employment and hours, the Big Three automakers announced plans to recall 182,000 workers to work on the 1959 models. And though the rate of inventory cutback continued in June at a much slower rate, the nation's retailers actually increased their inventories—the first increase by any sector of business in 1958.

Taking up the threat of oncoming inflation, the Federal Reserve review speculated that further price rises might be held down by the large inventories still on hand. Recent price rises in steel and other raw materials, said the report, were encouraged by the Mideast crisis, and might

prove to be transitory. In one case they had already proved so: custom smelters of copper, who fortnight ago raised their prices 3¢ to 27¢ a lb., last week cut their prices back to 26½¢. But steel showed no sign of retreat, as steel price hikes spread to 65% of the industry's output. Though Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver started a probe of the increases, the Federal Trade Commission said that it had found no illegal price fixing in the steel industry, planned no action.

Despite the business improvement, unemployment was still high. The Government last week reported that, while employment rose to 65,179,000 in July, the drop in unemployment was smaller than usual. Because large numbers of new workers are entering the working force (55,000 in July alone) and heavy rains curtailed farm and construction activities in many parts of the country, the jobless total of 5,294,000 was up from June to 7.3% of the working force, v. 7.5% in the April recession peak. Most economists fear that the total will remain high for months. Just as production drops off faster than employment when a recession begins, so employment recovers more slowly as a recession peters out, largely because of recession-time economies and technological advances that lessen the demand for workers.

Rise in Stocks

The stock market's steep climb is beginning to cause more uneasiness than cheer. Last week, just after the market hit a 1958 high of 510.33 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, the Federal Reserve Board joined the ranks of the worriers. Noting that customer credit had increased by \$746 million in the first half of the year, it raised margin requirements (i.e., the minimum cash payment required on stock purchases) from 50% to 70%. While the Fed thought its action would act as a damper on speculation, changes in margins have usually had almost no effect on the market (see chart). After a brief dip last week, the market closed the week at 510.13, only 11 points under the alltime bull market top. Stock Exchange President G. Keith Funston complained that the Fed's action was unnecessary, pointed out that despite the six months' rise, customer credit on non-Government securities was \$4,226,000,000 in June, virtually the same as a year ago.

What has pushed the market up, in the eyes of most Wall Streeters, is not easier credit but the fear of a new burst of inflation. Many a Wall Streeter shares the Fed's worry, feeling that anxiety over inflation has lifted stock prices too quickly on the basis of current earnings. This has caused a sharp change in the "spread"—the difference between stock and bond yields. As stock prices have risen, bonds have dropped (see below); while the return on blue chips has fallen to 3.8%, the best bonds now yield more than 4%. In



the past (1929, 1937, 1946 and last summer), when bond yields topped or equaled stocks, big investors went from stocks to bonds, weakening the market. Whether they will do so now depends on how strongly inflation fears continue. But many Wall Streeters see plenty of danger signals. Some views:

¶ Samuel L. Stedman, partner in Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.: "When the market moves swiftly, thinking stops. When it slows down, the fundamentals of earnings and dividends will show up."

¶ Daniel L. Gutman, partner in Zuckerman, Smith & Co.: "The market is enormously dangerous at current levels. There is a great deal of ignorant and superficial buying which is using inflation as an excuse. Unless inflation shows up in earnings and dividends, this reasoning is stupid. The market over the next six months will sell materially lower, touching last fall's 420 low."

¶ Arthur Jansen, partner in W. E. Burnett & Co.: "The market is too high. At these levels it would take a couple of years for the improvement in earnings to catch up with market prices. If someone came to me with money to invest, I'd advise putting part of it in the bank."

¶ Irving Kahn, partner in J. R. Williston & Beane: "When people pay 40 and 50 times earnings for a stock, they are multiplying when they should be adding."

Though Wall Streeters are uneasy about the swiftness of the rise, few expect a substantial sell-off. Earnings and dividends are now more secure² than they



² While 654 companies have reduced or omitted dividends to date in 1958, May marked the bottom of the dividend casualties. July cuts were the fewest of the year.

TIME CLOCK

were a few months ago, and many institutions are waiting for a dip to buy. What Wall Streeters call the "350 Club"—the bears who saw the industrials declining to that level last winter—has been dissolved; it has been reorganized as the "450 Club." But these analysts could be wrong again. "There are hundreds of professional investors and institutions who go down on their knees at night, praying that the market will return to 475 so they can get back in," said Michael S. Thomas, director of research for R. W. Pressprich & Co. "The market is asking for a correction, but on the upside I can see it going through the 520 level to 545, hitting 600 by the end of 1959."

If the Fed expected to protect the small, supposedly uninformed investor, its margin-raising action was not necessary. The small investor has been doing very well. For the past year the professional traders, large investors and stock specialists have been selling more than buying, in the belief that the market would go lower. But the small investor, as shown by the odd-lot (under 100 shares) records, has been buying more than selling, added a total of 13,679,000 shares to his holdings by mid-year. In June many small investors began to cash in their profits. Since then, they have been selling more stock than buying.

Rout in Bonds

Sears, Roebuck & Co. last week announced plans to sell a \$350-million bond issue, the largest industrial bond offering in U.S. history. But before signing a contract with its underwriters, Sears said it wanted to take a careful look at conditions in the bond market. What particularly alarmed Sears and other prospective corporate-bond issuers was the situation in U.S. bonds. After a year-long rise, Government bonds were going through the

FIRST ALL-RADAR AIRWAY, in which ground controllers can "see" every plane in skies, will open between New York and Washington by October, soon after will be extended south to Norfolk and North to Boston, later to Chicago. CAA is installing 16 long-range radar ground stations in New York-Washington-Chicago triangle.

SHIPBUILDING SLOWDOWN is growing serious. U.S. shipyards have had no new commercial orders since March. Work under way in yards will soon dip below 3,000,000 tons for first time in 18 months.

MONTGOMERY WARD opened its first shopping-center retail store in Denver. Over next two years it will spend \$84 million to go into 17 other shopping centers.

OIL-RICH ALGERIA will get its first refinery, and it will be North Africa's biggest yet (daily ca-

pacity: some 40,000 bbl.). Plant will be built, probably near Algiers, by combine of Mobil Oil, Standard Oil (N.J.), Shell, British Petroleum and three French firms.

EXPORT INSURANCE will go on sale by Continental Casualty Co. Sept. 1, will protect U.S. exporters against foreign political and credit risks, make it easier for them to get loans and extend credit to importers.

WEST COAST BANK MERGER will unite the California Bank and First Western Bank & Trust Co., satellite of huge Firstamerica Corp., to form giant California Bank, with \$2.25 billion in resources, 165 branches.

AIRLINE MERGER may be coming between Northeast (six-month loss: \$3,283,533) and Capital (six-month loss: \$728,611), would make economic sense by welding basically regional operators into combine of long-haul plus short-haul routes.

fastest, worst shakedown in postwar history, causing dealers to employ such expressions as "chaos," "rout" and "panic."

Although corporate bonds were holding up much better than Governments (see chart), the sharp decline in U.S. bonds was pushing up the cost of money for Sears and other prospective private borrowers. As the price of Government bonds fell, their yields rose sharply. Last week a recent issue of long-term Government bonds paying a coupon rate of $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ was actually yielding more than $3\frac{3}{4}\%$. A recent issue of relatively short-term bonds with a $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ coupon was yielding $3\frac{1}{2}\%$.

The bad drop in U.S. bonds stemmed largely from speculation. Because there is no margin requirement on Government bonds, speculators have been able to buy them for as little as 2% in cash. Last winter and spring, as credit eased, speculators correctly guessed that Government bonds would rise. Buyers poured into the Government bond markets and made a killing, as competition among bond buyers pushed prices of new issues far above par. For example, the $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ bond that came out in February was bid up to 107.10, a price that gave speculators a profit of 250% on their actual cash investment.

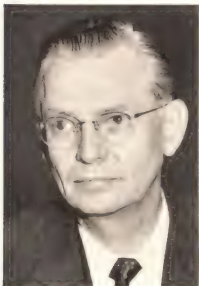
Fed Fumble. But in June the merry-go-round slowed down, as the recession bottomed out and business started up. Speculators, anticipating renewed inflation and Government tightening of credit, started getting out. As Government bond prices fell, hoarding speculators were forced to dump their holdings, driving down prices more. One new Treasury issue, the $3\frac{3}{4}\%$ bonds, fell to 95.10 last week, despite the Treasury's unusual step, in July, of buying back nearly \$800 million of the issue. An even sharper skid hit the $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ issue; it dropped to 93.12.

In an attempt to halt the drop, the

Federal Reserve Board fumbled the job, adding to the trouble. The Fed, which regularly buys 91-day Treasury bills as part of its normal operations, cryptically announced that it was "broadening" its open-market operations. This led many to believe that the Fed intended to buy enough long-term bonds to cushion the market; it gave courage to the market, attracted buyers back into bonds. But the Fed's purchases were limited to buying \$1 billion of one-year certificates to aid the Treasury's July refinancing operation. As the effect of this wore off and hopes for more substantial assistance faded, the shock of disappointment sent bonds down some more. Last week, in raising margin requirements on stocks, the Fed signaled possible new moves to tighten credit—and bond prices fell again.

Nip the Recovery? The man with the most reason to be concerned about all this is Treasury Secretary Robert Bernard Anderson. He must raise up to \$12 billion in new financing this year to cover expected budget deficits, and also has to refinance \$46 billion in maturing securities. This formidable financing chore comes at a time when yields on recent U.S. bonds are sharply rising. If Anderson raises the coupon rate on forthcoming issues to match the competition from older bonds, he will tend to raise all interest rates. Such a course might well nip the general business recovery. At the same time, unless Anderson takes this chance, he can hardly hope to get the money he needs.

Anderson's best hope is that the bond market will bottom out, and that rising yields will tempt investors back into bonds. But the big question is whether tempting yields are big enough to overcome investors' fears of more inflation—and an inevitable drop in present bond prices.



TREASURY SECRETARY ANDERSON
\$58 billion worth of trouble.

UPI

THE NEW INFLATION

Has the U.S. Learned Its Lesson?

IN Washington and Wall Street, the big worry is the galloping ghost of inflation, returning to haunt the U.S. economy even as it comes up out of recession. Said Chairman Raymond Saulnier of the President's Council of Economic Advisers last week: "Inflation is the problem now." But the U.S. could be thankful that inflation is not a far bigger problem—as it surely would be if the clamor for stronger anti-recession measures had been heeded.

Only six months ago, the cry was that the Government was doing too little too late to cure the recession; now, with the economy on the upgrade, it is plain that a far bigger mistake would have been to do too much too soon. Says an Administration economist: "An anti-recession policy is supposed to be dramatic, or you find yourself accused of having no policy at all. But just as important as what we did was our unwillingness to do some of the wrong things."

Almost everybody had a dramatic idea about what to do. The loudest cry was for a tax cut, ranging from \$3 billion to \$10 billion. It came from such disparate persons as Harry Truman and Herbert Hoover, such political opposites as Americans for Democratic Action and the National Association of Manufacturers, included some members of the Administration's own family. Arthur Burns, Saulnier's predecessor, called for "massive Government intervention" in the economy through both tax cuts and public works. The auto industry asked repeal of the 10% excise tax on autos. Others suggested huge WPA-style public-works programs, greatly increased Government spending. Such plans would have meant not only the loss of billions in tax revenues, but the addition of billions more to rising Government costs.

The Administration held out firmly against every such proposal, convinced that while recession was the immediate problem, the long-range problem was inflation. Now almost everybody else has come around to this view. Fortnight ago, the House killed a \$2 billion public-works program that had once been a major Democratic anti-recession measure.

But the recession is not entirely curing itself. The Government has given sizable help. Military spending rose from an annual rate of \$8.5 billion in the third quarter of last year to more than \$20 billion in the second quarter of 1958; equally important, contract letting was speeded up, caus-

ing contractors to go out right away and hire men, add equipment. Congress stimulated housing construction by giving an extra \$1.9 billion to Fannie May (actually more than the Administration had asked for), provided extra unemployment benefits for an average of 13 weeks to those who had exhausted their regular benefits. The Government poured more money into highway construction, eliminated the transportation tax on freight, began fattening pay envelopes in June with the first installment of \$1.4 billion in pay raises for military and civilian employees. States and cities helped by raising their expenditures more than 15% for the first eight months this year, to \$5.3 billion. Because of increased Government spending, the U.S. budget switched in nine months from a \$3 billion surplus to a \$2.8 billion deficit, thus becoming a major inflationary force.

What the recession proved was that the built-in stabilizers of the U.S. economy have become stronger and more effective. Unemployment benefits have been widely extended, and payments have doubled since 1954 to \$5 billion annually; the unemployed in some states now draw up to \$60 a week. Gains have been made in old-age benefits, social security, retirement programs, and aid to the needy. Even more important, the U.S. economy has grown so huge and so diversified that a slump in one section, as in autos, can be largely counteracted by a rise in another, such as the \$3.1 billion rise in farm income during the first half of this year.

As a result, buying power—normally the first casualty in a recession—remained so stable that overall retail sales were hardly affected.

What would have happened if many of the anti-recession measures had been adopted? For one thing, this year's budget deficit would probably be \$18 billion instead of the \$12 billion expected. Even worse, such measures as massive public-works programs would have their full effect later this year or next year, when the recession presumably will be about over, thus adding explosive pressure to inflation. The most significant lesson to be learned from the recovery is that the U.S. economy has remarkable resilience, and has proved that it can right itself without massive Government spending or tax cuts. Said Saulnier: "We need to have patience, and not allow ourselves to get jittery. But I don't know whether we have learned our lesson or not."

PERSONNEL

New Driver at Greyhound

When Railroader Arthur Samuel Genet was brought in as president of limping Greyhound Corp. three years ago, he took a look around and began to deride the company's veteran bus executives. Genet, who had done well as freight vice president of Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, growled that the sales staff of the world's biggest intercity bus line had "no thorough experience or training" and was "sitting on its hands." He charged that the advertising and publicity programs had "failed miserably."

The bluster ruffled Greyhound's top staffers. Discontent grew when Greyhound profits dipped from \$13.9 million in 1956 to \$13.4 million last year. When Greyhound lost more than \$1,000,000 in this year's first quarter, executives publicly blamed glum weather, privately pointed to the Genet administration. Few of Genet's ideas had generated cash. He unleashed Greyhound's first broad public-relations drive, plugging the theme that bus riding can be classy and comfortable. The campaign cost millions, but, grumbled Vice President Adam P. Sledz, "it produced nothing of a tangible nature." Genet's greatest misadventure was Greyhound Rent-A-Car, Inc. Started 2½ years ago, it still rides in the red. Last week Genet, 48, resigned under pressure.

To replace him, the board of directors tapped the company's West Coast boss, Frederick W. Ackerman, 63, one of the lifelong busmen who had been passed over in favor of Genet in 1955. Ackerman knows that his toughest chore will be to put Greyhound Rent-A-Car on the road. "It has been a headache because of mistakes," says he. "We tried to do too much in too short a period without experience and competent men."

Ackerman will immediately close several of the 133 rental stations that Genet opened, many of them in small cities that cannot support them. To jack up the company, he will also promote package tours, charter service and express delivery. But his tour is limited; he must step out on his 63th birthday—in November of 1959—unless the board scraps Greyhound's mandatory retirement rule.

CORPORATIONS

Wonder Boy Makes Good

There is little logical reason why the Rexall Drug Co. should prosper. The nation's biggest drug chain (11,153 franchised stores), it breaks most of the textbook rules. Its distribution system is as old-fashioned as a Stanley Steamer. It has two-thirds of its stores scattered where only one-third of the population lives. It invests only 2½% of product sales in advertising, well below many of its competitors. But last week greying, handsome President Justin Whitlock Dart, 51, announced that the firm's first-half sales were up 8%, net profit 26%. This year's volume should come close to \$180 million and earnings should pass \$5,000,000.



REXALL PRESIDENT DART
 Fast relief from the headaches.

ooo, the best in Rexall's 38-year history.

Rexall's progress spelled a personal comeback for Justin Dart, ex-wonder boy. When he took over Rexall in 1943 at 36, Dart became the hottest shot in the conservative drug business—until Rexall earnings dipped sharply in 1947. Dart owned up frankly to the board: "I know I look bad now. But before I look better. I'm going to look worse." Sure enough things got worse.

In 1949 Rexall lost \$1,250,000, and its stock plunged from a postwar high of \$15 to \$4. "Jus" Dart, onetime All-Big Ten football guard (Northwestern '28 and '29), had fumbled by selling off 100 many of Rexall's outmoded, wholly owned stores before he could open enough modern Rexall franchise stores to replace them.

He snapped back by funneling cash from these sales into profitable projects. Dart established Riker Laboratories to manufacture ethical drugs; it now brings 45% of Rexall's profits. He invested heavily in the manufacturing division, now another 15% earner that turns out almost 4,000 different kinds of Rexall cosmetics, vitamins and patent medicines, including 77 billion tablets a year at its St. Louis plant alone. He buttressed the company's Rexall Division, which distributes 5,000 Rexall trademarked products, earns half of Rexall's profits.

By shucking off all but 150 of Rexall's 540 wholly owned stores, Dart also strengthened the company's ties with its franchised U.S. and Canadian druggists, who no longer had to compete with them. The franchisers are Rexall's lifeblood, and Dart has carefully courted them. He urges them to visit the Los Angeles headquarters (1,000 will this year), rolls out the red carpet. When the junketeering Rexallite marches into the lobby, he is surprised to see his name posted in two-inch-high plastic letters on a welcome sign and hear it blared through a public-address system.

A photographer takes his picture with Rexall's top brass, and the company often persuades the druggist's home-town paper to run it. Dart also gives the druggist an incentive to push Rexall products more vigorously than competing brands by selling at such low wholesale prices that the druggist can often get a bigger markup on Rexall products than others.

AVIATION

Jet-Age Problems

Winging from Augusta, Ga., to Washington aboard the *Columbine* one day last spring, President Eisenhower sprang a question on General Elwood Quesada, his special assistant for aviation. What, asked Ike, is the state of U.S. airlines as they prepare to enter the jet age? "Pete" Quesada's answer: Not so good. Though airlines are committed to spend \$4 billion for new jet equipment by 1962, they have run into sliding earnings and difficulties in financing their purchases. Ike asked for a special report on the airlines' plight. Last week Quesada sent him a 14-page document prepared by Harvard Business School Economist Paul Cherington. Among its top conclusions: the airlines need a fare hike—and quickly.

The report called for "immediate action" to adjust fares, restore higher earnings and investor confidence. It thus presented a White House mandate to the Civil Aeronautics Board, which has been dawdling over a general passenger-fare investigation since the spring of 1956, is not scheduled to complete it until next March. "By that time," noted Quesada in a covering letter to the President, "the success or failure of major segments of the equipment program may well have been determined. The CAB must examine the carriers' proposals promptly."

While spanking CAB, the report also slapped the airlines. It questioned whether the carriers will be able to fill the additional 40 billion seat-miles that the speed and greater capacity of the new jets will make available by 1962. The report's conclusion: The airlines will not be able to unless they get busy right away researching new markets and developing special programs to attract new passengers. The Government can lend a hand in assisting traffic growth, said the report, by repealing the transportation tax and turning over to commercial carriers more of the passenger and cargo traffic now carried by the Military Air Transport Service.

AGRICULTURE

Showing the Russians

Over the rolling hills west of Montana's Big Horn River, 51 huge combines sliced through the golden wheat fields like avenging tanks last week as they raced to set a one-day world record for wheat harvesting. Watching the spectacle from a vantage point overlooking his 65,000-acre farm stood white-thatched Thomas Donald Campbell, 76, the world's biggest wheat farmer, and two astonished guests. The guests: Dmitry Omelyanenko, 48,



For shipping beans



or sardines



or huge machines

The better way is Santa Fe

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SALT SUBSTITUTE

Vice Minister of Agriculture of the Kazakh Soviet Socialist Republic, and Mikhail Krylov, 28, an agricultural economist, both members of an eleven-man Russian agricultural mission invited by the U.S. State Department to visit American farms.

For two weeks Tom Campbell's combines had harvested an average of five acres an hour for 16 hours daily, feeding an army of scurrying trucks about 50,000 bu, a day. Now they stepped up their pace so briskly that the trucks had to race to keep up with them, by day's end had harvested 61,340 bu, to set the world's record. Hatless in the 90° heat, Krylov ignored the official interpreter, barraged Campbell with questions in English. Both Russians tested the chaff spewed from the combines for any wheat kernels that might have been missed, rode the combines, fingered the dirt and the grain, expressed admiration for U.S. conservation methods. When told that Tom Campbell's fields yielded more than 40 bu. an acre from 20 lbs. of seed, they seemed incredulous; Russian wheat farmers do well to get 32 bu. an acre from nearly 100 lbs. of seed.

It was not the first time that Tom Campbell had shown the Russians a thing or two about wheat. A pioneer in farm mechanization, he was invited to Moscow by Stalin in 1929 to advise the Russian Grain Trust on growing wheat. When the Russian farm delegation recently asked to see America's best mechanized farm, President Eisenhower, an old friend of Campbell's, asked the Agriculture Department to put them under Tom Campbell's wing. Campbell assured the Russians that they could achieve the same yield by adopting U.S. methods, clinched his argument by revealing that the winter wheat he is growing is actually Russian Kharkov wheat, which he brought back to Montana with him when he returned from Russia.

MANAGEMENT

Marriage Broker Sonnabend

The Marrying Sam of the corporate merger business is a Boston pawnbroker's Harvard-educated son named Abraham Malcolm Sonnabend. In the past four years Sonnabend has made a score or more moneymaking companies with money losers, using the losers' losses as a tax offset against the moneymakers. In so doing, Sonnabend, who learned to wheel and deal as a Boston and Miami real estate operator, has gained control of a hotel, manufacturing and retail empire with 1957 sales of \$179 million. Top earners: Hotel Corp. of America with operating revenues of \$63 million, Botany Mills with sales of \$66 million, Consolidated Retail Stores with sales of \$30 million.

Last week, at 61, Sonnabend prepared to take on the biggest matchmaking job of his career. At ailing Studebaker-Packard's request, he was ready to move into the company, find profitable nonautomotive companies to merge with to take advantage of Studebaker's \$135 million in tax losses. For Studebaker a merger is a matter of desperate urgency. Down to less



Walter Doran

ABRAHAM SONNABEND

Nine bridegrooms ready at the church.

than 1% of the auto market this year (from 2.4% in 1954), the company hopes to make a comeback this fall with a new small car, priced under \$2,000. But to keep going, Studebaker must also refinance \$55 million in bank and insurance company notes, some now falling due, hopes to issue preferred stock for part of it.

Studebaker President Harold E. Churchill asked Sonnabend to come in and work fast because Studebaker's five-year carryover period for tax losses starts running out next year. Last week Sonnabend reported that he had nine prospective bridegrooms with combined earnings before taxes of \$30 million a year—more than enough, he said, to offset Studebaker's past losses. Sonnabend was eager to get on with the wedding, but Churchill wanted to hold up formal publication of the banns until the company's creditors have approved plans to recapitalize, make the debt load more manageable.

As Sonnabend got ready, Curtiss-Wright, which had hoped to work the same kind of rescue operation for Studebaker, prepared to move out. Two years ago Curtiss-Wright got a management contract to run Studebaker, plus an option to buy 5,000,000 shares of stock at \$5 a share (which runs out this November), plus the chance of merging Studebaker into Curtiss-Wright if it could cut Studebaker's huge losses. But Curtiss-Wright had no success. Fortnight ago Studebaker reported that its losses in the first six months of this year soared to \$1,314,165, almost double the losses in the same period last year.

The final say on bringing Sonnabend into Studebaker will have to come from the stockholders. To take on the diversification job, Sonnabend is asking for an option to buy 500,000 shares of Studebaker stock during the next five to ten years at 95% of the market value on the day of a merger, plus a place on the board.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Harry Lillis ("Bing") Crosby, 54, patriarchal tycoon, horseman, low-handicap golfer, and Cinematress Kathy (*Operation Mad Ball*) Grant (formerly Olive Kathryn Grandstaff of West Columbia, Texas), 24, a son, their first child (he has four other sons by his first wife, the late Muscomedienne Dixie Lee); in Hollywood. Name: Harry Lillis III. Nickname: Tex. Weight: 7 lbs. 9 oz.

Married. Charles Spencer Chaplin Jr., 33, cinemactor (*High School Confidential*); and Starlet Susan Magness, 22; in Winterhaven, Calif.

Married. Althea Louise Brough, 35, national women's singles tennis champion in 1947, Wimbledon champion in 1948, '49, '50, and '55; and Dentist Alan T. Clapp, 35, of Pasadena; in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Died. Brendan Bracken, since 1952 Viscount Bracken, 57, British publisher and industrialist, Minister of Information during World War II, retired Member of Parliament, board chairman of the *Financial Times*, onetime managing director of the *Economist*, board chairman of Union Corporation, Ltd., giant international mining concern; of throat cancer; in London. A carrot-topped Irishman who was brought up on a remote Australian sheep station, Bracken went to England at 15, began honing his invective facility and absorbing the wide sophistication that made him famous in Whitehall, in Mayfair and the City for wit and eloquence. In the '30s Bachelor Bracken strongly seconded Winston Churchill's criticism of the British government's Nazi-appeasing foreign policy under Prime Ministers Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain. Baldwin scored Bracken as "Winston's faithful chela" (Hindu for disciple), lived to see him rise high in the wartime government and in Churchill's confidence.

Died. J. P. McEvoy, 63, writer, world-roving editor for *Reader's Digest*; of a stroke; in New City, N.Y. Stocky, jaunty Joseph Patrick McEvoy wrote everything from Burma-Shave signs to Broadway shows (*Allez-Oop*, *Stars in Your Eyes*), from novels (*Show Girl*) to the story line of the comic strip *Dixie Dugan*. A Chicago newsman, he became poet laureate of the P. F. Volland greeting card company, where he composed hundreds of merchantable verses. He went on to write short stories, radio and TV scripts, and scenarios for Hollywood, where he said he picked up "one stomach ulcer from each of three studios."

Died. Thomas E. Wilson, 90, retired board chairman of Chicago's meat-packing Wilson & Co., Inc., who helped organize the American Meat Institute, the National Live Stock and Meat Board, and the World War II fat-salvage campaign; in Lake Forest, Ill.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Andy Hardy Comes Home [Fryman; M-G-M] might well bring the handkerchief industry out of the recession all by itself. For the first time since 1946, Mickey Rooney, now a ripening 35, has dusted off the old studio flats, put them all together and spelled not only *MOTHER* but all the other ingredients of small-town nostalgia. It promises to be profitable: the first 15 of the Hardy Andy episodes were among the most successful series in movie history, grossing \$73,850,000 and making Child Star Rooney the nation's top box-office draw.

The story is the usual daffy maize. Andy, now a prospering lawyer working for a West Coast aircraft manufacturer, returns to the sleepy Midwestern town of Carvel to negotiate for a plant site. Judge Hardy (the late Lewis Stone) has long since died. But Mom (Fay Holden), Aunt Milly (Sara Haden) and sister Marian (Cecilia Parker) are still settin' in the comfortable chairs of that old white house on Ames Avenue.

The sight of home brings back memories of Andy's teen-age girl friends. While Rooney looks on with the sappy smile that age cannot erase. Director Howard Koch runs flashbacks, taken from earlier Andy Hardy movies, of Andy's puckered-up romances with Betsy (Judy Garland), Sheila (Esther Williams) and Cynthia (Lana Turner). Old friends crowd around, and the younger generation looks at this legendary man with proper awe. Old Buddy Beezy comes to the corporate rescue by offering a choice hunk of land near the old swimming hole for the airplane factory.

Then—the unthinkable. The townsfolk of Carvel turn on Andrew Hardy and circulate a petition to rezone the land to "keep Carvel just as it is." Despondent, sure to lose his job, Andy chokes up a sopping little farewell speech before a packed crowd at the city council meeting, then slopes off round-shouldered to pack his bags. Rooney fans who have to ask what happens next should be charged double admission. When it's over, instead of flashing the usual *THE END* on the screen, the film's producers own up to the obvious: *TO BE CONTINUED*.

The Reluctant Debutante [Avon; M-G-M] in its stage incarnation was the kind of drawing-room comedy that critics called "pleasant" for want of anything worse to say about it. But transferred to the screen and run through a high-speed Mixmaster of comic invention by Rex Harrison and Wife Kay (Les Girls) Kendall, this lukewarm cup of tea has been turned into cheery summer punch.

Comedienne Kendall glides like an angular jellyfish through the role of Lady Broadbent, an elegant snob who sets out to make Husband Rex's teen-age American daughter (by his first marriage) the toast of the London "season." The toast,

Sandra Dee, takes a lot of buttering up. After dancing with humble-footed toffs at her first ball, she murmurs in a beguiling Bronx accent, "They're all drips."

Nevertheless, Stepmother Kay determines that Sandra shall go overboard for a suet-mouthed Guardsman, despite the fact that he is much adored by Kay's best friend's wallflower daughter. (Cooos Kay: "I do think she's wise not dancing



HARRISON & KENDALL IN "DEBUTANTE"
Out of lukewarm tea, cheery punch.

all the time.") Instead, Sandra obstinately falls for a boulder (John Saxon). "First of all," says a friend in explaining Saxon's shortcomings, "he's half Italian." Second of all, he plays the drums in a society orchestra. And third, he is given to vividly detailed descriptions of African fertility dances.

The amorous kiddies take off for a night's nightclubbing. As Kay paces in the wee hours, Rex reaches philosophically for the brandy. "After all," he muses, "it isn't how much we drink that matters. It's how much she drinks." Actress Kendall herself, in the midst of preparing a lunatic scheme to trap the cad, pauses long enough to exclaim: "Isn't this tremendous fun!"

It is. William Douglas Home's screenplay, adapted from his own stage version, tinkles with a profusion of grace notes that, in skillful hands, can often substitute for a full score. The pace, thanks to Vincente Minnelli's direction, is Pall Mall. Comedienne Kendall cocks an eyebrow clear up into her hairline, twists her mouth into something resembling a berserker rubber band, fixes her rival with a saccharine smile that fairly oozes gore. Actor Harrison, whether falling asleep on

his feet during the national anthem or grunting amorously to a sofa pillow, still reigns as king of his wacky parlor empire, but an enormously talented queen has moved in close to his side.

White Wilderness [Buena Vista] is the awesome product of three arduous summers and winters spent by eleven Walt Disney photographers in the Canadian and Alaskan far north. Their cameras caught enough to make any naturalist drool with delight. A polar bear plunges into the icy Arctic seas to give vain chase to a frisky seal; cocky bear cubs attack a one-ton walrus and drive him from his perch; a wolverine, nastiest of all far northern beasts, shrugs off the dive-bomb attacks of an osprey to climb a tall tree and devour a fledgling. Most impressive scene of all: Photographer James Simon found a colony of lemmings (mouse-like rodents that breed prolifically) swarming in panic because of famine, filmed them as they scurried by the millions over a cliff into the sea.

But striking as the film is visually, Producer Disney cannot resist gilding it with sentiment. Twelve times in the past ten years he has sent teams of crack camera crews into the world's backwoods to record the behavior of lesser-known animals and plants. Twelve times, e.g., in *The Living Desert*, *The Vanishing Prairie*, the teams have returned with trunkloads of painstakingly gathered film, much of it unique. And twelve times Disney has taken the film and glued onto it a cloying narration and a sound track that often seems loudly superfluous. Even as the lemmings plunge crazily toward the ocean—a sight that needs no gratuitous comment of any sort—the orchestra swells to bursting and the voice of the narrator booms their ghouly epitaph: "And so is acted out the legend of mass suicide . . . It is not given to man to understand all of nature's mysteries."

CURRENT & CHOICE

La Parisienne. Brigitte Bardot, leaning voluptuously on the sure comic talents of Charles Boyer and Henri Vidal, finally makes a film that is as funny as it is fleshy (TIME, July 28).

Indiscreet. Cary Grant dispensing yachts and yacht-ta-ta to Ingrid Bergman, in a funny, free-wheeling version of Broadway's *Kind Sir* (TIME, July 21).

The Key. A subtle, fascinating story of Britain's ocean-going tugboat captains of World War II, and of the woman several of them loved: with Sophia Loren, William Holden, Trevor Howard (TIME, July 14).

The Goddess. Playwright Paddy Chayefsky and Actress Kim Stanley delivering a roaring diatribe against the Bitch Goddess. Success, at a pace that is sometimes slow, but in a tone that is marvelously Swift (TIME, July 7).

Hot Spell. A tragedy of family life, sensitively interpreted by Director Daniel Mann and a talented cast: Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn, Shirley MacLaine (TIME, June 23).



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BOOKS

Notes from a Black Country

THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER (264 pp.)—George Orwell — Harcourt, Brace (\$4.50).

George Orwell was a pilgrim who hated progress and found an empty shrine at the end of a blind alley called socialism. Famed British Critic V.S. Pritchett has called him "the conscience of his generation." An extremely troubled conscience it was, and Orwell's *The Road to Wigan Pier* does much to explain why.

First issued in 1937 and now published for the first time in the U.S., Orwell's book, like James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, has become a period classic, evoking for the middle-aged a dismal time of economic troubles when sensitive men became angry about the near starvation of their near neighbors. Agee's book dealt with Southern sharecroppers in the U.S., Orwell's people had an even smaller share in any crop; they were the barely fed and scarcely tolerated unemployed of England. What Benjamin Disraeli called England's "two nations" had in the '30s bred a third—the untouchables of 20th century industrialism. Orwell, born a Brahmin, lived among them like a martyr.

The record of Orwell's social immolation is still fascinating reading today, not only for the great clarity with which Orwell describes an appalling landscape-with-figures but for the honesty with which he argues with himself about it all. That rare creature, a bitter man with no self-pity, Orwell writes in a style beside which today's Angry Young Men sound like a party of petulant pixies.

The New Untouchables. In the '20s, Orwell—still known as Eric Blair—was serving in Britain's Burma police and slowly becoming disillusioned with his Kiplingesque career. He could not bring himself to go on governing the "lesser breeds without the Law," but when he took his had conscience home, he was soon to find, in the unemployed of the Depression, the least of breeds within the law. The industrial North impressed him as the dark side of a lunar slag-heap landscape on which Empire's sun had set. After Orwell turned to socialism—an Old-Etonian socialist who was prepared to be serious about it was a rare thing in those days—he was quickly tapped for great things in the world of left-wing propaganda. He went on his pilgrimage to the poor on commission from the influential Left Book Club, run by a notable socialist triumvirate—Publisher Victor Gollancz, London School of Economics Professor Harold J. Laski and John (The Coming Struggle for Power) Strachey. When Orwell finished his book, his sponsors found that they were getting more than they bargained for.

As a job of reporting, *The Road to*

© He did not like the Scottishness of Blair or the Northerness of Eric, took Orwell as his pen name from an English river he loved.



AUTHOR ORWELL

A volley at the left from the left.

Wigan Pier is unmatched in the set pieces of industrial sociology. In the black country, Orwell first took lodgings above a shop that sold nothing much but "black tripe" (the "grey flocculent stuff" and the "ghostly translucent feet of pigs" were kept in a beetle-infested cellar). To get his story, he wandered in and around Wigan (population then a little under 87,000), and the account of these wanderings still makes the reader feel that he has been dragged heels first through a municipal garbage dump. Orwell lived in rooms that smelled "like a ferret's cage" and ate unmentionable meals at tables



BRITISH MINER CLEANING UP
A shame among the slag heaps.

under which there was sometimes a full chamber pot. Even Louis-Ferdinand Céline's vomitive delineation of the Paris slums could not bring more repulsive social maggots into focus than those fixed by Orwell's baleful lens. He went down the wet, dripping, insecure coal mines on the heels of the naked miners—the comparatively fortunate who still had jobs. His picture of the unemployed miners and their wives scrambling for coal on the slag heaps is a shame to his age.

To their surprise, Orwell's sponsors of the Left Book Club discovered that they had not sent a tame canary down the mine to expire obligingly while testing the foul air; they had to deal with a cornered mine rat. Having sketched his Daumier-like cartoon of misery, George Orwell turned with ruthless, cold caricature on the socialists themselves, who thought they had the answer to the inhuman conditions he had described.

Curious indiscretions. Thus began Orwell's difficult position in the hagiography of modern liberalism: though he started out on the left, he spent his best eloquence on exposing the left's hypocrisies. Orwell was honest enough to know that neither he nor any new society could change his nature; he knew that his Old School Tie set him off from other men in Britain, and he wore it with the same mixture of pain and pride as the Blessed John Ogilvie, a Jesuit missionary, might have shown toward the halter with which he was hanged at Glasgow (1615), not far north of (nor so very long before) Orwell's social recesses.

Orwell himself had a few notions which some critics today would find odd. For instance, he was convinced that British bellies were largely fed on the loot of Empire; it has not turned out that way. But Orwell's polemics against bearded, fruit-juice-drinking pacifists, cranks, snobs, snob-holsheviks, cowards in the socialist movement is devastating stuff, and this lends sharp irony to the book today. With sharp acumen the present publishers have reprinted Victor Gollancz's original foreword, in which the socialist publisher apologizes for the heretical opinions of his socialist writer. Says Gollancz in shocked tones: "He even commits the curious indiscretion of referring to Russian commissars as 'half-graphomones, half-gangsters.'" Such indiscretions should have been more common at that time.

In a bitter, self-derisive revision of Marx's famous exhortation to the workers of the world, Orwell ends his book with an address to his ruined brothers of the British middling classes, crippled by debt and (in his view) shackled by snobbery. He invited them to descend with him into the nether regions of the "working class where we belong," for, says he, "we have nothing to lose but our airches." The British middle classes, however, have stubbornly continued to cling to their social aspirations and their aspirates. Class war may be hell, but the better-bred Briton has decided to huff it out on his own side of the phometic fence.

Tale of Two Masks

PART OF A LONG STORY (331 pp.)—
Agnes Boulton—Doubleday (\$4.50).

"There was never a great genius," said Aristotle, "without a tincture of madness." Part of Eugene O'Neill's genius lay in the fact that he could weave the near madness of his life into his plays. *Long Day's Journey into Night* showed how closely the life and the plays overlapped, and yet how brilliantly he was able to impose art on mere reminiscence. This book of recollections by his second wife is less than a work of art, but it adds some fascinating scenes to the growing script of Eugene O'Neill's offstage drama.

Author Agnes Boulton begins her story in 1917, five years after the end of *Long Day's Journey*, when O'Neill's first one-acters were making him the symbol and idol of the Provincetown Players. If, after 40 years, Author Boulton's memory is correct and young Eugene Gladstone O'Neill did woo and win her with the lines she attributes to him, it is no wonder that much of the story reads like a parody of Victorian melodrama. O'Neill once explained that he had trained himself as a playwright by reading "nothing but plays, great plays, melodrama" until "he was thinking in dialogue." Agnes, the convent-educated daughter of a painter, met him in a Greenwich Village joint called "The Hell Hole." As he saw her home that same evening, he said in a low, sure voice: "I want to spend every night of my life from now on with you. I mean this. Every night of my life."

Topper into Craftsman. Impressed by so resplendent a prologue, poor Agnes felt let down when the curtain rose on Act I (a Village cocktail party), wherein Playwright Gene, studiously ignoring her, sprang half soused upon a chair and turned back the hands of a mantel clock, crying tragically: "Turn back the universe. And give me yesterday!" Another time, he poured out a hate-filled tirade "in language that he had learned at sea and in the dives of the waterfront."

On becoming O'Neill's wife (as she did soon afterwards), Agnes automatically became his leading lady as well. Their joint act swung endlessly between tragic-melodrama and slapstick farce, was happiest and steadiest whenever they left Greenwich Village behind and settled in Provincetown or New Jersey. Then O'Neill would shed the trembling toper and turn into the contented craftsman, in bed by 11 every night, at work sharp at 9 in the morning. He so hated to be interrupted in his work that he would hide in a closet when company came.

He doted on physical and mental "setting-up" exercises, excluding from his mind any "idea or discovery of science" that might shake his personal conception of life ("His index was as rigorous as that of the Catholic Church"). In his sober and industrious periods, the mere thought of drink terrified him, and he would clutch Agnes, crying: "I have found my work, my peace, my joy . . . I will not



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MISCELLANY

Snarevoyance. In Penang, Malaya, Medium Cassim Bin Osman was asked to go into a trance and locate a missing corpse, did so, was convicted of murder.

Foam Stretch. In Carlisle, England, eight managers of state-owned pubs were brought before a Home Office disciplinary board for repeated failure to draw 300 one-pint servings of beer out of a 288-pint barrel.

Spruced Up. In Los Angeles, Tree Surgeon Columbus B. Fulghum was fined \$25 for giving haircuts without a license.

Togetheress. In Anamosa, Iowa, Gary Lee Wessling, 17, asked to be transferred from the Men's Reformatory in Anamosa to the State Penitentiary in Fort Madison so he could serve his 30-year stretch in the same pen where his dad is up for 15.

Automotion. In Lisbon, visitors at the Portuguese Industrial Fair could play ticktacktoe with an electronic machine that cackles mockingly when it wins and snarls menacingly when it loses.

Rebait. Near Crestline, Calif., Fisherman Frank J. Indovina ran out of worms, had no luck with processed cheese, finally tried green trading stamps, caught a trout, seven bass and two bluegills.

Weight Lifters. In Georgetown, Ky., P.S. Hickey, hauling watermelons, pulled his truck into a state weighing station, returned later on the tip-off of another driver and found six slobbering state employees stowing away part of his load.

A Tooth for a Fang. In Rutherfordton, N.C., Postman J.F. Orders switched to a rural mail route after years of harassment by dogs, was promptly startled by a rattlesnake.

Cuckoonik. In Brussels, at the World's Fair, Milwaukeean Albert O. Trostel Jr. wondered what made the *beep* in the souvenir Sputnik he bought in the Russian Pavilion, pried it open, found the words *Made in Switzerland*.

If You Can't Beat 'Em... In High Springs, Fla., ex-Mayor Juanita Easterlin, who last year campaigned unsuccessfully for re-election by charging that enforcement of the state liquor laws was lax in her area, was arrested as the ringleader of a big-time moonshining operation.

Impartial Advice. In Yuba City, Calif., when carpenters discovered a whisky still in the basement of a real estate office run by a couple of church deacons, the deacons denied any knowledge of it, helpfully pointed out that previous tenants were the City-County Chamber of Commerce, the Democratic County Central Committee and the Republican County Central Committee.



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